

# THE BEE

## WASHINGTON

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WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY JULY 15, 1911

### DURHAM'S SCHOOL

Great Success of Durham Summer School

### DISTINGUISHED EDUCATORS

JOHN C. DANCY AT DURHAM, N. C.

Great Work of Dr. James E. Shepard Complimented.

Durham, N. C., July 12.

The National Religious Training School, this city, opened its summer school and chautauqua the day after the Fourth with a more auspicious effect than the national holiday occasioned in this section of the State. The varied program with Hon. John C. Dancy as the principal speaker on this day, and the undulating grounds well terraced and the entire campus with its stately buildings making this institution a desirable retreat for any one seeking knowledge and profitable recreation, makes it stand out prominently as one of the greatest educational events among the race in the country. The teachers and lecturers for the summer school and chautauqua are conspicuous in their respective professions. A number of States furnish a representative number of teachers as students, and the attendance at the opening surpassed the most sanguine expectation of President Shepard.

"I want to felicitate with you for the great work being accomplished by Dr. Shepard, and we must uphold him in this great effort. It is simply wonderful to note the progress the school has made. It has blossomed as a rose," said Dr. Dancy in his introductory remarks in addressing a representative audience that gave him quite an ovation. Dr. Dancy's message came in the form of a heart to heart talk with his audience. The progress of the race, in the South especially, afforded him ample material to carry in a direct manner to his attentive audience hopeful evidence of surviving from a State not conducive to desirable citizenship. He mastered vital statistics in comparing what the Negro has lost with what he has gained. That the unity of purpose and action on the part of the better element of the race is necessary for the development of the masses of the race were strongly asserted by him. He commended the race in Durham for the manner in which they worked for the accomplishing of good. "Civic Righteousness" and "Reminiscences of Some of the Race's Leaders" were the subjects of two of the most interesting addresses ever heard here in this city.

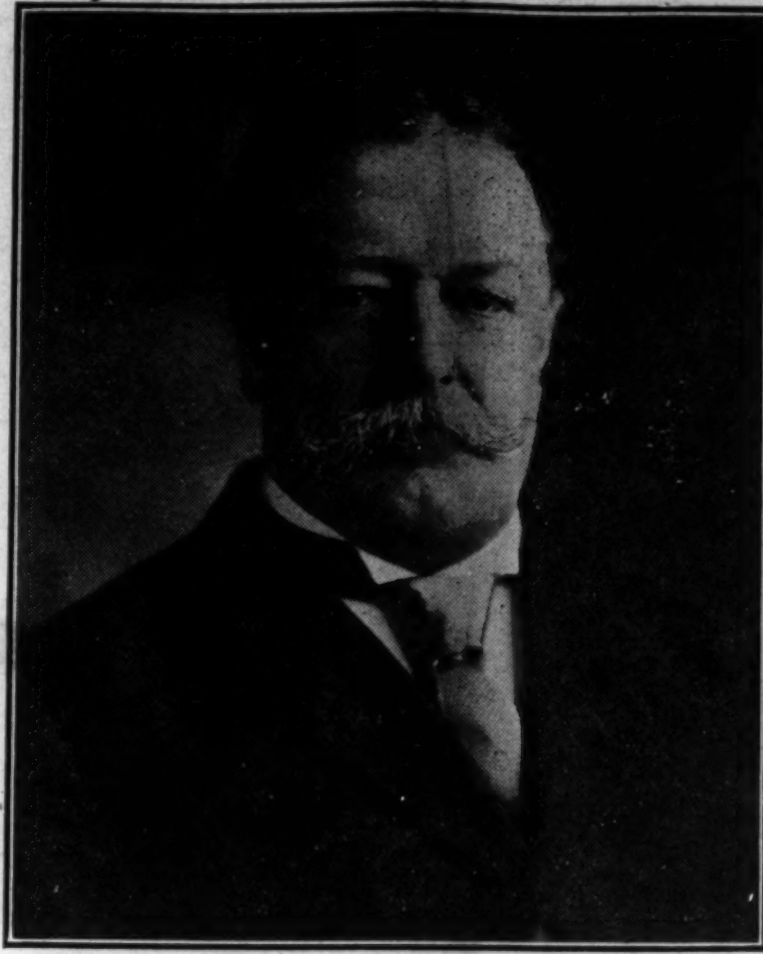
Dr. Jesse L. Hurlburt, of New Jersey, one of the greatest authorities on the Bible, began a series of lectures on the second day of the session, and this profound theologian and ripe scholar is giving inspiration and a greater conception of the works of the part of the Bible discussed by him. The heroes of the early church afforded the subject "Philip the Evangelist" in his first lecture, and he beautifully unfolded the purpose of the activities of this apostle. He enunciated the qualities of Philip and showed that his success was largely due to his sympathies, which made him broad and took him out of the sphere of those who were narrow. The spirit which manifest itself in the present day church as explained by Dr. Hurlburt, was a potent influence in the work of Philip. The cause of certain conditions in the church to-

day, as indicated by the utterances of the speaker, was the indifference of too large a number of its members to a certain element of people in the church. For the modern church to fulfill its mission it must be filled with the spirit that made the early church such a power because it lived near to God.

"Let us make men" was the subject of an analytical address by Prof. Kelly Miller, who is giving a series of lectures on mathematics. He was greeted by an enthusiastic audience and was accorded an ovation. "We have the privilege of being a co-worker with God in making men," were some of the philosophical utterances of this noted scholar in his introduction. That every person has a peculiar assignment in the perfecting of the faculties of his neighbors and to mould those mobile and flexible characters properly he said that God required of them to be intelligent and efficient co-workers and should understand all the knowledge involved in the process of man making. A thorough knowledge of the student should be possessed by the teacher and the pedagogue should have especial training for this feature of making man was emphasized by the speaker. He said that if the physical constituent of man is weak the process of man-making is barren of results desired. In a plain and unassuming manner he spoke of the class of people in the race leaving the rural districts and entering the city where their environments were too often detrimental to their physical development. This large element in a number of cities' populations unless given the facilities of physical development would be a diminishing factor in the world of affairs was a logical conclusion of his attentive audience. He said that the demands of civilization was such that if a man did not have a sound body his value to society was decreased. Among his utterances on this phase of human development were: "I would prefer living in the meanest log cabin in North Carolina than in a crowded alley in the city of Washington."

He held that brains were not cheap if properly applied, and without knowledge there was not much power, hence the process of man-making required the developing of the intellect. The attentive and receptive audience was told that self made men in Europe were among the things of the past, and they were finding their place in the history of the past because intellect was one of the predominating forces in the activities of this strenuous age and not mere sheer force of physical power and good luck.

A man who was stiff and pedantic because he possessed a fertile brain and never mingled with his fellows for their uplift Prof. Miller likened unto a "crooked stick in the wood pile." That social development was a factor in making man an effective agency for the accomplishing of the purposes for which man was created was practically and interestingly told by this keen observer of men. He showed the value of culture and what God intended man to do with his talent. "There must be something in you to be given out if you want to give something to the world," said Prof. Miller in revealing the fact that man must be capable of producing by natural limitations. A prize fighter who was perfect in physique but lacked the development of other faculties was his example for the one-sided man. The self-righteous individual who believes he has reached the state that he can claim a perfect development was another class claiming his attention and eliciting a flow of eloquence, yet pure and instructive, which met the approbation of his hearers. He often quoted Shakes-



PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT.

peare and Darwin in his scientific treatise of the subject, and the following words of the lecturer, "God shares with us in the development of all faculties of our nature," shows the depth of the thinker.

Prof. F. A. Clark, the well-known music composer whose work is being sung in a number of the leading churches in the country, and the demand for his anthems and class of vocal selections by the leading publishers of the country, is the musical director, and the musicals here are of a high standard.

### BIBLE CLASSES IN SLUMS.

Vacation School for Alley Children Has Been Organized.

Encouraged by the churches of Washington, officials of the alley association have opened a vacation Bible school, to keep in touch with the children during the summer. The school was opened at 9 a. m., yesterday, in the Sunday-school room of Shiloh Baptist Church, L. Street, near 16th Street. The Rev. J. Milton Waldron, president of the alley association, officiated.

The teachers of the school are members of the faculty of Normal Training School, No. 2. Miss Edna Smith, the head teacher, is assisted by Miss Alice Covell, Miss Hills, Miss Barrett and Mr. Walker. Classes will be held every day from 9 to 12 o'clock, and will consist of Bible stories, manual training, reading, and singing.

The school's object is to keep the children off the streets. The Rev. George F. Dudley, A. M., rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, was one of the chief movers in the plan. The funds were contributed by friends of the alley association. More than 200 children were enrolled yesterday, and it is expected as many more will join this week.

### Democratic Hypocrisy.

Mr. Langley. Mr. Speaker—The speaker. Does the gentleman yield to the gentleman from Kentucky?

Mr. Roddenberry. I do. Mr. Langley. Mr. Speaker, I would call the gentleman's attention to the fact that when the Republicans are administering the law it does not require a resolution for them to keep soldiers on the roll. They do it anyhow. (Applause on the Republican side.) Some of them were appointed, I am told, on this police force when the Republicans had control of it. Let me call the gentleman's attention also to the fact that the Republicans have enacted into the statute law of the country provisions giving preference in all branches of the public service to the ex-soldiers and ex-sailors of the country. (Applause on the Republican side.)

Mr. Roddenberry. I am glad of the gentleman's statement. If they pursued that policy, then go to the Post-office Department, go to the War Department, go, if you please, into the Treasury Department and see sitting at the desks there, standing at the doors, and filling the places able-bodied, sleek-faced, strong Africans holding easy jobs which old, enfeebled veterans deserve. (Applause on the Democratic side.) Why give to these old, feeble men who fought so years ago the arduous task of night police duty and day police duty? Why do you not give them some of these sitting-down jobs? (Applause on the Democratic side.) Speaking as a son of the South, with no lineage that connects me with those who led the Union side 50 years ago, the day is not now and never has been south of Mason and Dixon's line when Africa's son could displace a Caucasian in any office under any Democratic administration. (Applause on the Democratic side.) You can no longer deceive the old soldiers or American people with your cunning demagoguery in order to control the Southern vote in your Republican conventions.

### AT ATLANTIC CITY

Christians Meet

### GREATEST EVENT IN HISTORY

PRESIDENT TAFT AND BOOKER T. WASHINGTON GUESTS OF THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL C. E. CONVENTION AT ATLANTIC CITY.

Booker T. Washington, the Million Dollar Pier and at Fitzgerald's Auditorium, With Bishop Walters, Guests of the Business Men's League. Bishop Walters Meets William, the Peace-Maker, and Gets a Transfer for the Republican Band Wagon. Will Take and Follow Washington's Advice in Politics—Lawyer, Isaac H. Nutter Entertains Washington and Family.

(By Jas. A. Lightfoot, Special Cor.) (Special to The Washington Bee.)

Atlantic City, N. J., July 12. For two and a half hours on last Friday past, the President of the United States, William Howard Taft, was the guest of the city and the great International Christian Endeavor convention. At the same time the great Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington, was also the guest of the same great organization, and both men spoke from the same platform. The President spoke to an audience of more than 17,000 people, and after his address there was a general rush for Williston Hall where Dr. Washington spoke, and Taft was scheduled to make his second address of the evening. At the second great meeting there was a crowd of at least 18,000 from all over the world. When the President came in there was general cheering and saluting, but when Dr. Washington rose to make his address, there was added a tumultuous applause, standing and craning in an effort to see the eminent Negro.

Both delegations were met at the station by delegations of the leading citizens and thousands of people bent on seeing the President of the United States, the first to visit this resort since the days of President Grant, and the great educator, Washington, of whom thousands had only read and heard.

Guests of Lawyer and Mrs. Isaac H. Nutter.

During their stay in the city, Dr. and Mrs. Washington and their family, were the guests of Lawyer and Mrs. Isaac H. Nutter, at their beautiful cottage in Arctic Avenue. Lawyer and Mrs. Nutter, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Nutter, and Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Hawkins were the guests of Dr. Washington at the great meeting which he and President Taft addressed on Friday evening.

President Taft Pays Compliment to Booker.

In closing his remarks to the great crowd of 18,000 people in the great auditorium of the Million Dollar Pier, President Taft said: "In conclusion, in speaking to a great body like this and engaged in the great work in which you are engaged, I could not fail to say something of the great man who is to be your next speaker, Dr. Booker T. Washington, a man who is doing more for the uplift of a people and mankind, a people, a large part of this, our great commonwealth, than any one man in the entire country, and a man whose usefulness to his race and to the entire country cannot be exaggerated."

Booker T. Washington Shows C. E. Is Helping the Negro.

"The colored race of America is grateful of the privilege of being represented at the 25th International

convention of the Christian Endeavor Society," said Dr. Washington.

"From the very first this organization has manifested its interest and its liberality toward my race in no uncertain way. The International Christian Endeavor Society is so broad in its scope and its methods and work that it cuts through racial and color lines to lift up and encourage all people, regardless of race, color or nationality. It has been the means of inspiring, encouraging and saving a large number of young people who otherwise would have led worthless lives."

"The President has spoken to you of the great prospect of international peace, but I want to impress upon your minds the great desire for inter-racial peace that must actuate the work of a great organization like this I am now addressing. That is to say, I want to bring to your minds the great lesson of peace on earth and GOOD WILL toward all mankind, no matter what the color of his skin. We of my race are here to stay, and inter-racial peace is as necessary for the common good as well as international peace. We have here an improved method of dealing with the race problem everywhere, and that is that in whatever effort is made for the improvement of the Negro, is to give him an opportunity to assist in this effort."

"It is always a help to a race as it is with an individual to fall in line with a great organization like this, likened to a world movement, such as this organization represents. These efforts have also caused the colored man and the white man to work side by side for the common end, and as a result, they have been brought into closer touch with each other and have come to understand each other better. In Atlanta, Georgia, the colored people in ten days raised \$57,000 for the Y. M. C. A. work. The greatest result in Atlanta, however, was not the raising of this money by the colored people, but the moral effect that it had upon the white people, not only of Atlanta, but of the South in general. For it was discovered that the Negro responds much more readily to those things that assure his good citizenship than he does to those that assure his instinct toward criminality. It emphasized the fact that the Negro has race consciousness and that he has civic pride."

At the Business League Banquet—Bishop Walters Tells of Political Coup.

The great banquet given by the local Business League, of which Dr. and Mrs. Washington, with Bishop Walters and the Rev. Dr. W. T. Johnson, of Richmond, Va., were the guests of honor, was in reality a great harmony feast whereat the church, business and politics were in perfect accord. It was a great time for local politicians who came together and buried the hatchet. In a sense, too, it was National. At the great convention to which Dr. Washington spoke, it had been arranged to have Dr. Washington present at one of the conferences. By some means, nobody will go on record as to how it was worked, politics just pushed itself into the body of churchmen, and the militant bishop was questioned as to the possibility of how he could and when he would, with dignified pull, climb aboard the band wagon of the G. O. P. Now to this, you can bet the Bishop had some real democratic talk to give out for publication. However, all passed off until at night when the President spoke, when the Bishop was on the stand just two seats from where the President was to sit and just next to the Tuskegee. It was evidently time for some one to say something. Thus Mr. Washington inquired of his grace when he had met Mr. Taft. On information of the Bishop himself, he had not met Mr. Taft since he was Secretary of War. And right there Mr. Washington must have decided to have the mili-

Continued on Page 4.

### PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings of the Week

### DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTEREST

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

For the first time in America a Summer school for instruction of the sisters of the Catholic Church has opened at the Catholic University. More than three hundred have already registered.

Hawaii is the pineapple farm of the world. The largest pineapple canner in the world is near Honolulu.

Benjamin C. Robinson, the oldest engineer on the Southern Railway, and reputed to be the oldest in point of service of any locomotive engineer in the United States, died last week. He became an engineer about 1860. He was 72 years of age.

Rev. Paul D. Drake, rector of the Unitarian Church in Beverly, Mass., and widely known as President Taft's Summer pastor, has accepted a call to the Unitarian Church in Saco, Me.

William W. Smith, one of Poughkeepsie's philanthropists, has presented his check for \$30,000 to the Young Women's Christian Association. Mr. Smith's gifts to local charitable institutions now total nearly a million dollars.

Cuba is arranging to pay tribute to the sailors whose lives were sacrificed on the battleship Maine. Flags on all the public buildings and on ships in the harbor will flag at half mast. Guns will be fired at half minute intervals the entire day. The destruction of the Maine had much to do with the clash of arms that freed Cuba.

The citizens of Little Rock are making extensive preparations for the 12th annual session of the National Negro Business League which convenes Aug. 16. \$1,012 has been raised for the entertainment fund, \$500 of which was given by the Chamber of Commerce.

The Methodist Bible Institute, which met at Denton, Texas, recently, passed a resolution favoring the extension of the ecclesiastical franchise to women on an equal footing with men.

John P. Jones, the noted Welsh composer and vocalist, died in Chicago last week at the age of 88 years. He died while singing one of his favorite hymns.

The Shiloh Baptist Church has opened a vacation Bible School, the object of which is to keep in touch with the children during the Summer months and to keep them off the streets. The school is open from 9 to 12 o'clock. The children will be taught reading, manual training, singing and Bible stories.

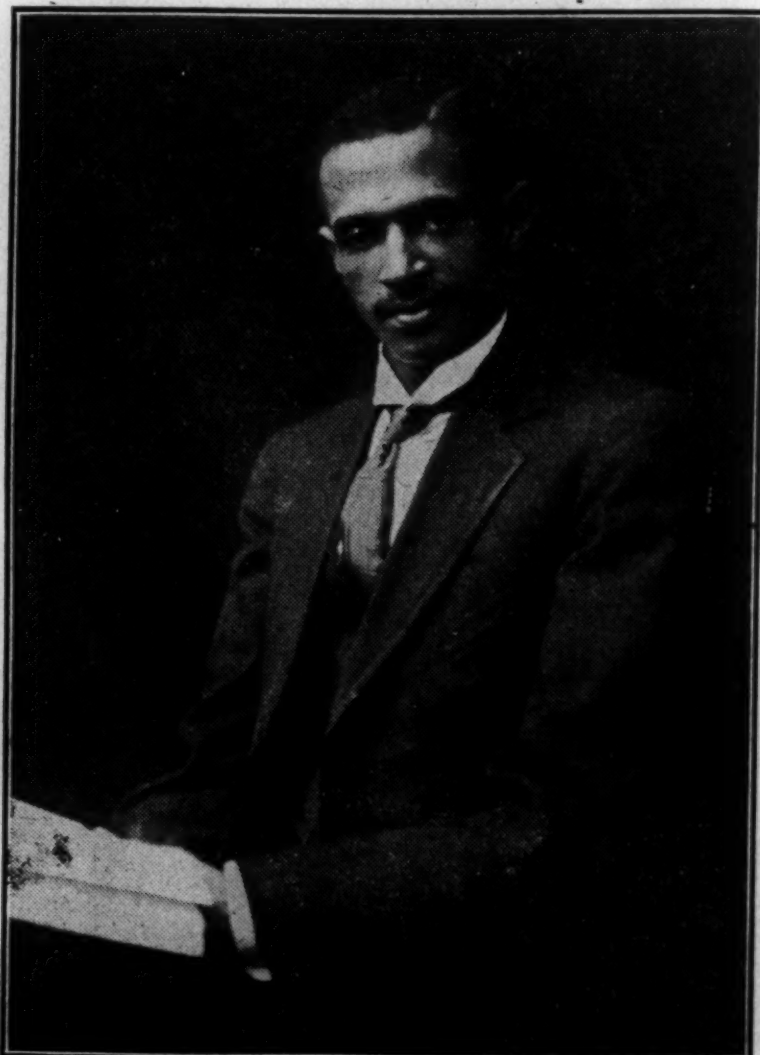
The White House stables, the old landmark that has housed the horses, vehicles, automobiles, and even the "White House cow," from the time when Gen. Grant was President, and for whom it was originally built, will be taken away.

Former Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks, in an address before Christian Endeavorers in Atlantic City, said: "When I arrived here I would never have known it was Sunday save looking at the calendar. The conditions were shameful, worse than in many European cities." The applause was scattered.

The violent wind and hail storm which swept Lee County, Ala., caused damages estimated at \$150,000, and practically every vestige of growing crops was destroyed.

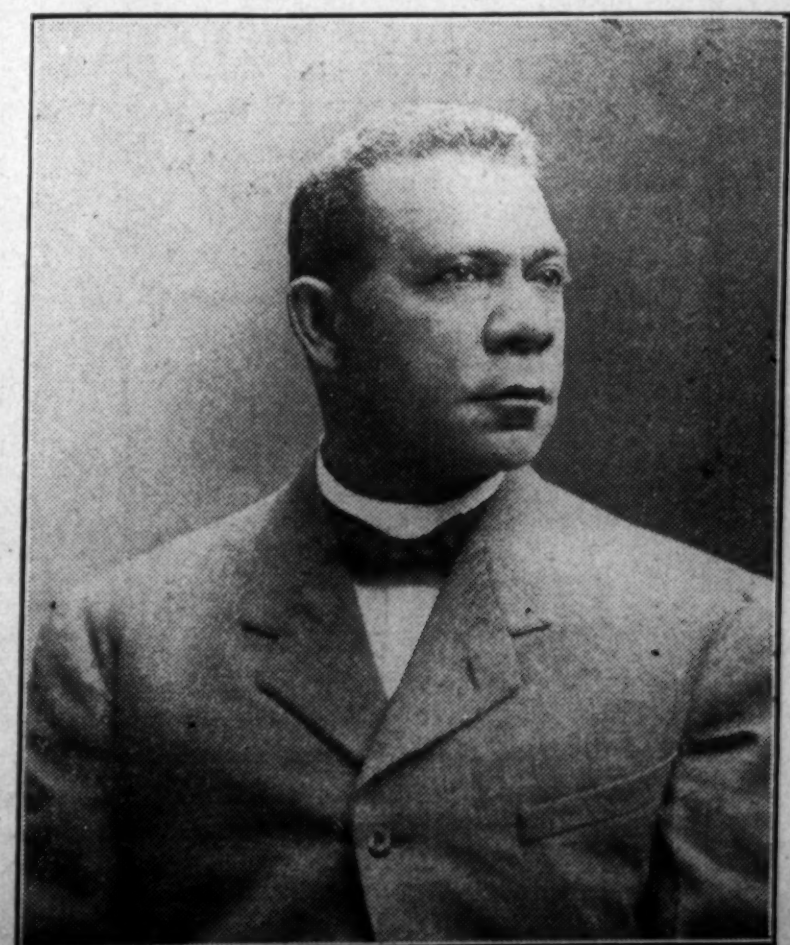
France is suffering from a heat wave more intense than the country has experienced since 1900.

Nicholas D. Haner, a nephew of Barbara Fritchie, quietly celebrated his 94th birthday at his home in Frederick, Md., last Saturday.



DR. JAMES E. SHEPARD.

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PROF. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.



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**Balsac's Way.**

Jules Sandeau relates that one time while living in Paris Balsac locked himself up in his room for twenty-two days and twenty-two nights, refusing to see any one and keeping the curtains closed and the lights continually burning even in broad daylight. The only human being he saw during this time was his servant, whom he rang for when he felt the need of food and which he washed down with numerous cups of coffee. He would throw himself on his bed only when entirely exhausted from lack of sleep, and he remained in complete ignorance of what was transpiring outside, the state of the weather and even of the time and day of the week. He only freed himself from this voluntary captivity when he had written the word "End" on the last page of the manuscript he began when he entered his prison.

**Coral That Shocks.**

On the coast of the West Indian Islands a curious kind of coral is found, called "millepoes." This has a most extraordinary property which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it. The moment you pick up a piece of coral a thrill runs through you and an agonizing pain shoots through your jaws. You feel as if every tooth and every nerve and muscle connected with them was burning. The acute pain lasts generally for about half an hour and slowly passes off, but the effects do not disappear entirely for hours. The reason of this curious shock or poisoning is a mystery.

**Not Dangerous.**

"Madam, I thought I would tell you I met your husband awhile ago, as I heard he had started from home to kill a man he quarreled with."

"Oh, sir, tell me—was my poor William shot?"

"No, madam. Your poor William was only half shot."—Baltimore American.

**Depressing Sights.**

If there is anything more depressing than rain falling on an overturned tombstone or the sight of a dining room table covered with dirty dishes, what is it?—Atchison Globe.

**He Knew.**

Teacher—Now, Willie, tell us one of the principal events in Roman history and mention the date. Willie—Mark Antony went to Egypt cos he had a date with Cleopatra.—Harper's Bazar.

If you would hit the target aim a little above it. Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.—Longfellow.

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Rev. E. W. Lee, colored, president of the Morris Brown College, at Atlanta, Ga., dropped dead in Wilberforce, Ohio. He was surrounded by a number of presidents of colleges of the African Methodist Episcopal

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Church, who were attending a meeting at Wilberforce. Five years ago the suffragettes started to raise a campaign fund of \$500,000. Mrs. Frederick Pethick gave Mr. W. Monroe Trotter, editor of Boston Guardian, a testimonial in chest now amounts to \$515,000. Plans have been arranged for obtaining a total of \$1,250,000.



# A LONG ROMANCE

It Ended Realistically In Wedlock

By RICHARD G. WHITE

An elderly gentleman sat on the broad piazza of a summer hotel overlooking the ocean. Beneath him the waves were curling in on the beach, casting a line of foam over the smooth sand, and receding with an effervescent sound. There may be people who can sit and watch this incessant rolling in and recession of waves with a stolid indifference. Not so George Warrington, whose spiritual part was made of finer stuff than that of the average man or woman. To him the billows told stories of infinity. More than that, they brought him memories. There was a tinge of sadness in it all, for he was alone in the world, without wife or child.

The waves were recalling to him a picture of his youth. He had seen it from a hotel window. The hour was between daylight and dark. Far out on the horizon a full moon was rising, a belt of cloud across its center. Nearer a black bulk was rising and falling monotonously. Nearer still lay a point of rocks. At low tide it was a little peninsula, at half tide an island embracing a few square yards, at full tide submerged. On its face, looking out upon and absorbed in the beautiful scene, sat a girl. Since she had gone there the sand behind her had been covered by the rising waters, and she was unconscious that her retreat over dry land had been cut off.

Quick thought shot through the brain of the young man looking out of the window. The tide his fancy transfigured to a savage in the wilderness with raised tomahawk stealing on his prey. Again it was a serpent encircling the girl and drawing its coils closer and closer about her. It was really an inanimate ocean unconsciously surrounding a girl unmindful of all save the beautiful scene before her.

In that region the tide runs with great rapidity. Warrenton knew this and, rushing down several flights of stairs, dashed over the sand toward the girl. As he ran he looked to see if a boat were lying anywhere near on the beach. None was in sight. Reaching the strip of water closing in behind the rock, he plunged in and swam across.

The girl's reverie was broken by looking up and seeing a dripping figure beside her.

"Come, quick! You're cut off by the tide."

Turning, she saw the swirling waters behind her. Her face lost its color, for she would be helpless in that quick current. She stood paralyzed.

"Come!" repeated Warrington. But he did not wait for her to move. Seizing her hand, he drew her, supporting her at the same time, to the margin of the torrent. She shrank back. Forcibly dragging her into it, encircling her with one arm, he swam with the other. The distance across the current was not long, but it ran so swiftly that the two were carried along till they found themselves at the end of the little strait, where they were tossed on the waves.

Then came a test of endurance. Warrington was strong and a good swimmer, but by this time the girl was clutching him so as to impede his efforts. At that hour few were on the beach and none within call. Warrington's efforts were having less and less effect, and he was about to give up hope both for himself and his burden when he heard the sound of oars. Making an effort, he got his head as far as possible above the surface and shouted:

"Help!"

The sound of oars ceased, then recommenced with a quicker stroke, and in less than a minute the dark body of a boat appeared on the crest of a wave above the drowning couple. Then a hand was extended, and Warrington put out his own hand and grasped the gunwale of the boat. Between the newcomer and Warrington the drowning girl was got into the boat. Then Warrington was helped in by the boatman.

While Mr. Warrington was passing in memory over the scene that had occurred more than thirty years before a woman whose white hair contrasted with her comparatively young face came up and stood with her hands on the piazza rail, looking out upon the shimmer that was beginning to extend itself from the rising moon. She turned and was about to go away when she noticed the man sitting near her. There was something in his appearance, his wrapt attitude, to tell her that he, like herself, possessed the gift of appreciation of the beautiful. She felt impelled to address him.

"Isn't it charming?" she exclaimed, half to him.

"Say, rather, infinitely grand," he replied, rising and uncovering.

"We women are apt to see the beautiful, you men the grand," she continued. "A child once said, 'God is a beautiful painter.' While the statement places the lesser above the greater, it is still a beautifully expressed thought."

"Indeed it is. But the most absorbing effect of this scene to me is not that it is a picture, but a combination of infinite material forms. It is the wonder in it that impresses me."

The lady having assumed the privi-

lege of her sex to first address the man, he assumed the privilege of proceeding further by asking her to be seated.

"This is the first time in years," she said, "that I have been to the seashore. I love it, yet I fear it. It is to me like the serpent that charms the bird to destroy it. Fancy this tranquil scene transformed by a tempest. There is nothing in nature that is to me so miraculous as those waves. See that leviathan out there rolling in. True, his mane is gilded by the moon, but his body is black. There is a terror in his very silence. There, it breaks! How it pounds the beach!"

"I dread the water in any form," she went on after a pause. "Even when it is tranquil it is treacherous. One who cannot swim may drown within a few feet of land. A current will glide along like a crawling reptile, carrying one who may be caught in it out into the great, dark, unmerciful ocean. Oh, I hate the water! I don't know why I came here. I will never come again."

"Madam," said Warrington, "you speak as one who has been caught in the toils of the watery element. You have had what swimmers call a scare. One who has suffered from a fright in the water will never get over it. Once conscious of its terrible grip, one can never be induced to trust it again."

"You are right," she said. "The relentlessness of any inanimate force is terrible, but it seems to me that the power of water is the most terrible of all. How can people cross and recross the ocean? It would seem that one ship being sucked down into the maw of the monster would be enough to deter others from trusting themselves upon its treacherous bosom."

Warrington was sure that the lady had experienced some mishap to give her this dread of the water and was curious to know the incident. But he was too well bred to ask a direct question. Moreover, it occurred to him that possibly it might have given her a mental as well as a physical shock from which she had never recovered.

"I have had," she went on, "what you call a scare. It gave me an incurable dread of water, but in itself it gradually passed into comparative unimportance. There was that connected with it which has affected my whole life."

"Indeed!"

The word "indeed" is an extremely well bred expression and means nothing. It doesn't trespass on any one's feelings, asks no questions, invites confidence only if the confider is minded to give it and leaves him or her to proceed or turn the subject at will. It is one of the most useful words in the English dictionary.

"When I was a girl I was sitting one evening on a rock viewing a scene like this, so enraptured that I was unconscious of the tide rising behind me. I was already cut off when a young man not only warned me, but saved me. Only a fortunate circumstance enabled us to get to the shore."

She shuddered and continued: "Not for the world would I dwell on that occurrence. It is of what followed that I am going to speak. In novels when a young man saves a girl from a catastrophe they love and marry. In my case a romance was started that was continuous, leaving me with old age before me without a single companion. I could never forget my rescuer, but my rescuer apparently never considered me in any other light than as one he had rescued. At any rate, he never sought me out, never came near me. I had a number of excellent offers, but my mind had become absorbed with one person, and I would yield to none other. And here I am at nearly fifty years of age, desolate because a man saved me from drowning. I would prefer that he had left me to have been engulfed."

After this burst of confidence the lady suddenly remembered that she was giving it to a stranger. There was a momentary silence, at the end of which Warrington was about to speak, when she forestalled him.

"I dare say," she said, "that you are surprised at my revealing to one I have never met before so sacred an experience. Perhaps you will not believe me when I tell you that till this moment I have kept the secret in my own bosom from every living soul. When I came upon you just now this scene brought back the incident of my youth, and a certain kindness I saw in your eye invited me for once to open the floodgates and permit the long pent up waters to flow forth."

"Madam," said Warrington, "I am aware of that propensity engrained in humanity to confide. In this case you could not have confided in a person better calculated to console you. It is said that misery loves company. You and I, having been made miserable by the same incident, should love each other's company for the rest of our lives."

"Indeed!" said the lady, in her turn using that convenient word.

"Thirty years ago I saved a girl from drowning. Unfortunately I was so cursed sensitive that I feared to make any advance whatever lest she should think I was presuming upon my service at having saved her. I did not see her again for some time after we left the water, and when I met her on her face was a scowl."

He paused, and the two regarded each other intently. Suddenly the lady burst forth reproachfully:

"Why shouldn't she have scowled? Hadn't you ignored her?"

And so it was that a lady, not recognizing the man who had condemned her to spinsterhood, told him frankly the story of her life. It was the beginning of the end for both of them. A romance that had endured for thirty years was at last ended in realism—that is to say, marriage.

# Mr. Micklejohn

He Was a Fine Fellow and Served an Important Purpose

By F. A. MITCHEL

Everard Tomlinson was considered an admirable catch. He was a fine fellow in every way and when he came of age fell heir to a fortune of some \$600,000. He was besieged by fortune hunting girls.

It was something of a relief, therefore, when Mrs. Stetson, an old friend of his mother, reminded him that he was promised to her for a visit at her unpretentious bungalow on Lake Wasapogole for the last two weeks in September. He had engaged for this visit in the spring to please his mother and before he had made his round of house parties. At that time he looked forward to two weeks in Mrs. Stetson's bungalow as burying himself in the woods. There was to be no other guest, and the family consisted only of Mrs. Stetson, her son, Roy, aged sixteen, and her daughter, Alice, aged twenty. Tomlinson was told that it would not be necessary to bring evening dress; that he would need flannel shirts and any old clothes he might possess. His days would be passed in a rowboat and his evenings in the living room of the bungalow with the family sitting around a table reading by a kerosene lamp.

After being hunted by spinsters Tomlinson rather liked the idea of getting away by himself. True, there was Alice Stetson, who might be lying in wait for him, but it was not improbable that he could get away occasionally alone for a pull over the waters of the lake.

It was near the 1st of October when Tomlinson was driven up to the rear door of the bungalow—the house faced the lake and was built on its verge—and the foliage had already begun to take on its variegated hues. Mrs. Stetson and Roy welcomed the guest. Tomlinson noticed the absence of Miss Alice and was so well bred as to say that he hoped she was not from home. He was told that she was in the house, but would not appear before dinner. Her mother vaguely hinted that there was a reason for her keeping her room for the present, and from the sympathetic tone in which the statement was made Tomlinson inferred that some sad event had occurred.

Alice came out of her room as dinner was announced. She did not say anything about the lugubrious event, but she looked intensely sad. Indeed, her eyes were red, an evidence that she had been weeping. The effort she made to seem cheerful was touching. Tomlinson was tempted to inquire what was the cause of her melancholy, but was too well bred to trespass on the sacred feelings of a young girl. Alice retired to her room early in the evening.

The next morning her depression continued, though Tomlinson noticed that she ate heartily. Mrs. Stetson suggested that she show Tomlinson the beauties of Wassapogole lake. Alice cast a look of appeal at her mother, as much as to say, "It's cruel that I must exert myself to entertain a stranger when my heart is crushed," but the mother insisted, telling her daughter that the fresh air would raise her spirits and that she should make an effort.

What kind of an effort she should make the mother did not explain. Roy got out a boat, and as Alice stepped into it dressed in a very becoming blouse and a short skirt Tomlinson noticed that she possessed a foot and ankle the curves of which were very delicately turned. She asked Roy if he was not going with them, and when he said he was going instead for ducks she gave him a reproachful glance. Tomlinson, relieved at Roy's refusal, took the oars and pulled away from the front porch, which served as a landing for the little bungalow buried under trees and shrubbery, dipping his oars into water lilies, then gliding away into deep water.

There was an autumn crispness in the air, and Tomlinson wished the lady were in a better condition to enjoy it with him. He drew her into conversation and soon learned the cause of her distress. When he admired a clump of trees on the crest of a knoll she said, "Mr. Micklejohn always admired that." When he pulled into a little cove with a tiny beach overhung with wildwood and remarked what a charming spot it was she replied sadly, "Mr. Micklejohn and I always used to pull in here when we came out boating."

"May I ask you Mr. Micklejohn is?"

"Oh!" This was an exclamation as though she had unwittingly betrayed herself. "Mr. Micklejohn is a very good friend of ours. He left us yesterday morning just before you came."

It was all out. This bee Micklejohn had been there, had captured the prize and there was no sweetness left for poor Tomlinson.

"Pardon me," he said, with a suspicion of hauteur. "I did not know that I was trespassing on sacred ground."

"Oh, no. I assure you you quite mistake me."

"In what respect?"

"It's as I said. Mr. Micklejohn is a very good friend to us all—mother, Roy, all of us."

"But when he goes away you do the mourning."

She looked very much hurt at this, almost offended.

Tomlinson was disgruntled. Notwithstanding that this was very different from the social life he had been enjoying he would have liked the change, especially for the company of this pretty girl, had not Micklejohn spoiled it all by going away, taking her heart with him. With the girls Tomlinson had met he was surfeited. Here was a girl so preoccupied with another that she couldn't even be companionable. This is a specimen of the way she talked about Micklejohn:

"Do you sing? No! Mr. Micklejohn has such a lovely tenor voice. When he sings he thrills me. He used to sing parts from 'Faust,' and I almost wished I had been Marguerite. Mr. Micklejohn is very versatile. He is the best whist player, the best billiard player, the best horseback rider, the best swimmer!"

"Did you tumble out of the boat when he was here that he might swim ashore with you?"

"How ridiculous!" She pouted. Tomlinson asked her to go on with the catalogue of Micklejohn's accomplishments, but she turned away from him as from one who had slapped the face of her idol and, pulling on the port rudder rope, headed the boat for the bungalow.

After dinner Alice sat at the table in the living room with her mother, her brother and Tomlinson—that is to say, she was going to sit there, but the guest spoiled it all and drove her away by asking if Mr. Micklejohn read poetry to her by the dim light of the kerosene lamp. At this reference to the dear departed Micklejohn Mrs. Stetson cast a frightened glance at her daughter. Roy was reading a book on the game of football and was oblivious to the shock to his sister's sensibilities. Alice arose and, with her eyes bent to the floor, left the room. Tomlinson could have bitten off his tongue, for a long evening was before him with no other companions than an elderly lady and a boy, the room in which they were being lighted by a dim lamp.

Mrs. Stetson retired at 9 and Roy half an hour later. Tomlinson vowed that if the period of this seclusion ever expired—it seemed to him that it never would—he would not get into such a trap again. Besides, he was much piqued after having been sought by finer girls to be completely ignored, considered a personage of no importance whatever compared with the immaculate Micklejohn. A desire came to him to supplant Mr. Micklejohn and when he had done so leave Lake Wasapogole with his nose in the air.

The next morning Mrs. Stetson, evidently still concerned about her daughter's sorrow, suggested another boat ride. Alice didn't seem to care what she did so long as Mr. Micklejohn was absent. She yielded possibly to her mother's wish. The boat was taken out, and the guest of the house, with the listless girl, again left the bungalow.

Tomlinson bore the references to Micklejohn, gritting his teeth, but making no reply. His object was rather to draw Alice's attention away from this remarkable man to other subjects from which he might the more easily direct it to himself. He exerted whatever lady killing faculties he possessed for an hour, at the end of which time his companion seemed really to have plucked up some interest in her surroundings. Then for an hour she failed to mention the lost one. Tomlinson was encouraged.

Two weeks passed, each day being a gradual drawing away of Alice Stetson from a man who was absent to a man who was present. All the delicious little nooks which bordered on the lake were visited again and again, and at last Tomlinson chuckled to himself:

"Now bring on your Micklejohn."

One bright morning they were drifting idly through some rushes. There's nothing like some rushes, some smooth water, a little brush and a few overhanging trees, with a man and a girl in a boat, to make a picture of young love. Tomlinson was making an effort to complete the shattering of the sacred image—Micklejohn. He overshot the mark and made use of the word "love." Had Miss Stetson been sitting at the other end of the boat from him, possibly what happened might not have happened, at least not then. But they were sitting side by side. Alice's head fell on Tomlinson's shoulder. What could he do? He completed the transition. The burden was removed from the shoulders of the dear departed and placed upon those of the newcomer.

This is a letter written by Alice Stetson to her bosom friend Molly Bawn announcing her engagement:

"You see, dearest, mamma knew from Mrs. Tomlinson that Ned was beset by a lot of society girls of that class which is trying to live in swell-dome without having the means to do so. Mrs. Tomlinson was afraid some of them would get him and, knowing what a plain, modest, unassuming girl I am, without a bit of deception in my nature, she asked mamma to invite Ned here, hoping he and I might make a match. Mamma said he wouldn't look at me after all the fine ladies he had met. This set me to thinking, and I determined to be as unlike them as possible. When he came I pretended to have just parted with somebody else—a Mr. Micklejohn, I called him—talking about what a fine fellow he was, how I missed him, and all that, till Ned got so mad every time I mentioned his name that I thought he would murder me. Now I'm afraid he'll murder me when he finds out that Mr. Micklejohn is a myth."

"We're going to be married during the holidays, and I wish you to be my first bridesmaid. We're not going to have a splurge wedding, but quite gay enough to warrant the prettiest gown you can invent."

# TREASURE TROVE

Its Secret Was Revealed by a Vision

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jarvis journeyed from the little railroad station in a brightly painted stage drawn by two iron gray horses. He was the only passenger for the beach, and he shook about in the huge vehicle like the proverbial pea in a barrel. At the entrance to a narrow sandy lane shaded by wind blown cedars, under which the marsh grass straggled sparsely, the stage stopped.

"All out!" sang the driver lustily. "Goin' to the beach, ye said?" He peered down at Jarvis with beady black eyes beneath thatches of white eyebrows.

"Yes; Edgewater cottage. Straight ahead?" Jarvis asked the question while he threw his luggage to the ground and paid his fare.

"Edgewater cottage? That'll be the Rowe place, last cottage on the left. So long!"

"Much obliged. Goodbye!" Jarvis turned to the left and walked slowly down to the beach, his head bared to the fresh breeze, his lungs gratefully inhaling the invigorating salt air.

The last cottage proved to be a rather large structure placed not far beyond high water mark. Its shingles were weather beaten to a silver gray, and the many windows tightly shuttered looked like closed eyes in a sad face. It seemed desolate enough compared to the other cozy houses along the beach, but Jarvis decided after a hasty examination that when he got out some porch furniture and opened up the shutters the cottage he had hired would be fit enough for his purposes.

The rusty key he had obtained from the agent creaked in the lock and the door swung open, admitting him to large, comfortably furnished rooms.

His first duty was to throw wide the shutters and raise the window sashes to the fresh air. Except for a layer of dust over everything the house was in exquisite order of arrangement. He decided to sleep in the wire inclosed balcony, and as he had arranged by letter for his meals to be sent in from the hotel on the long point beyond there was little for him to do save to arrange a cot in the balcony and unpack his painting things.

At sunset a steam launch from the hotel discharged a boy with a basket containing his dinner. Jarvis discussed the excellent meal on the veranda, his artist's eye lingering on the wide sweep of green and blue flecked with white that filled the foreground.

Here were color and life enough to illumine any number of canvases. Jarvis was glad he had decided to close his studio and run away from all his friends, and the chance that brought him to Beachside had been decided by the childish method of closing his eyes and running his finger along the map of New Jersey while he counted ten. Then he had opened his eyes and found Beachside, most inconspicuous of small watering places, under his finger. Now he was here.

He smoked a thoughtful cigar while the sunset tints faded to opal and silver and then a uniform slate gray settled over the water.

The cigar consumed, Jarvis felt for another one in vain. His cigar case was empty; also he had forgotten his tobacco pouch. He fingered his pipe wistfully and rummaged his traps for tobacco of some sort. In sheer desperation he carried his tallow candle (there was no kerosene in the cottage) from room to room in an aimless search for nicotine.

At last he whistled joyously. On a small stand in one corner of the living room he found a smoking set of hammered brass. The huge tobacco jar contained a few pinches of the desired weed, and he crammed it into his pipe gratefully.

Now he closed the door and locked it and went up to his balcony. He threw himself down on the cot and smoked contentedly, dreamily. Overhead was the shine of gentle stars, and on the beach the waves broke softly, musically. He went to sleep.

Jarvis was awakened by a crashing volley of thunder, followed by a vivid flash of lightning. He sat up and gazed open mouthed at the strange scene depicted before his eyes.

There was all the wild fury of a hurricane bursting about his ears. Huge waves pounded on the beach, breaking in blinding spray that drenched his face. Some dark shape loomed out of the blackness, coming nearer. He discerned the outlines of a large white steamer, saw dark forms tossed against her whiteness, heard the blare of her distress signals, saw her career on the shoals and become engulfed in the sea. Still the waves broke on the beach, and in their tossing they flung a dark form on the white sand beneath the balcony.

Jarvis tried to rise, but his limbs seemed paralyzed. He endeavored to utter a sound, but his lips were dumb. He could only sit there on his couch wildly conscious of tragedy heaped on tragedy, powerless to help.

Another wave rose high crested, curved downward and greedily snatched the still dark form from the sands, drew it out into the sea's bosom and kept it.

Horried, the painter stared down at the beach, now conscious that the silent form had left something behind, a small dark object whose outlines were lost in the darkness. Then the waves came again and again, sucking up the sand and piling it over and about the dark object until it was entirely hidden from view.

With appalling suddenness the storm vanished as if it had never been. Overhead the stars shone gently, and the waves softly lapped the quiet beach. Jarvis found his motive power as if magically restored. With a leap he was off the cot and dashing down the stairs to the sand. There he stood dumfounded.

To the touch of his stockings felt the sand was warm and dry. His groping fingers confirmed that fact. The tide was rising, and almost to its verge the sand showed no trace of dampness. The sea stretched a level expanse, broken here and there by dimpling wavelets.

"I'll be hanged if I know what to make of it," muttered Jarvis dazedly. "I couldn't have been dreaming, and yet"—He looked at his watch. "It's certainly up to me or the tobacco I've been smoking! Nine o'clock when I turned in, and now it's 9:30. Even in these swift times they don't turn storms off and on at that gait!"

Chagrined, he walked over to the place under his balcony where the waves had tossed the dead man for a brief instant before they reclaimed him. Jarvis had watched it with his own eyes, and he had seen the following waves heap sand about a small, dark object the man had left behind. There should be a little sand mound here—and there was!

The painter was too excited to return to his bed; therefore he went into the cottage, found an old fashioned lantern, in which he stuck a candle end, took up a coal shovel and went back to the beach.

Here by the candle's dim light he grimly dug into the shallow heap of sand. It was a fool's business, he told himself as he delved downward to where the sand was soaking wet and the water oozed up into little wells and impeded his labor.

At last came rags and shreds of something that might have been an oil-skin coat, and afterward, deeply embedded in the sand, Jarvis found a small water soaked box bound with iron bands. This was treasure trove.

Jarvis hastened to the cottage and with hammer and chisel pounded away at the little box until its rotted sides fell inward and the iron bands crumbled to rusty flakes.

Pitiful indeed was the little treasure contained in the tiny chest—a sailor's keepsakes. Bits of coral and pretty shells and stones, a woman's lovely face smiling from a tarnished frame, a baby's first photograph, the mother's loving inscription penned on the back; a few letters, intimately tender, from wife to husband; a copy of a will, a few months' wages tied in little oil-skin sacks, the owner's name on the inside of a memorandum book—James Petrel, master of the freighter Sea Nymph—that was all.

So the man who had been thrown on the beach as revealed to Jarvis in the vision—for such the painter believed his strange adventure to be—must have been the captain of the ill fated vessel. On the morrow he would inquire concerning the wreck of the Sea Nymph and try to find the relatives of James Petrel.

After that Jarvis tumbled into bed and went to sleep, wondering why he of all men had been chosen to bring to light the long buried box. He dreamed about the curly headed baby, whose charming smile pursued him through his dreams.

"Yes," said the oldest cottager when Jarvis guardedly made inquiries concerning wrecks on the coast. "It was as far back as 1885 that the Sea Nymph went ashore off here. She got on the shoals, but the seas were riding so high she didn't stick. Back she went, and they simply swallowed her up, so the story goes. Bits of cargo floated ashore long afterward—one or two bodies of seamen. That was all. Divers never found trace of her. It was the worst storm ever known on the coast. After that they built the breakwater and the lighthouse. At that time there was an old fisherman's hut on the spot where your cottage now stands. Tradition has it that the old man lured the steamer to her ruin. If he did it was small profit to him, for the storm washed his hut into the sea, and he went with it. The man who owns your cottage once found a copper canister filled with choice smoking tobacco buried in the sand near by. It pleased him to resurrect it and smoke it. He quit using it after awhile because, he claimed, it gave him the nightmare—said the Sea Nymph went ashore every night in his dreams. If there's any of it left you better not smoke it," added the oldest cottager whimsically.

"It's all gone," replied Jarvis, with a cryptic smile.

And this is the treasure that Jarvis found. When he had traced the widow of the luckless Captain Petrel he found her prosperously married to one of the ship's owners, while the curly headed baby with the charming smile had grown to be the loveliest girl Jarvis had ever met. As a consequence Doris Petrel became the artist's wife.

In addition, the memory of the vision that had come to him that night clung so persistently in his mind that he transferred the stormy scene to canvas with every detail of that wild night of thunder and lightning, hurricane winds and mammoth waves, the ghostlike vessel shuddering to her watery grave, the package on the beach half obliterated by the sand. Next to Doris herself, this picture proved to be Jarvis' treasure, for it made his fortune.



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## MR. MARSHALL ORGANIZ- ING.

Mr. Napoleon Marshall gives it out that he is engaged in organizing the colored voters of New Jersey for Democracy. It is given out from another source that he is on the Democratic payroll at \$100 per month to do this organizing of colored voters. This latter statement, except as to the amount, was unnecessary for the reason that no one was sufficiently demoralized to consider Mr. Marshall such an unselfish race man as to lend his limited influence to anything for nothing. And every one knows that when a Negro condescends to work and vote for a party that has opposed every measure enacted into law for the advancement and protection of the race, he is doing it for the filthy and tainted cash. Mr. Marshall never was squeamish about his conscience. The very fact that Mr. Marshall is paid for his doubtful service is a guarantee that his influence is little or nothing, and that the number of Negro proselytes he will make for Democracy will be limited to the venal class. Mr. Marshall, it is assumed, is organizing for Gov. Wilson, of New Jersey, who aspires to be the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency. As president of Princeton College, Mr. Wilson put the sign up, "No Negro Students Admitted." As Governor of New Jersey he has been scrupulously careful not to appoint a single Negro to office. To attempt to organize for such a candidate, and for such a party as Gov. Wilson represents, suggests that the Negro assigned to the ignoble job ought to be on the salary roll, and at a much higher salary than \$100 per month. Mr. Marshall as a Harvard graduate, and as a supposed lawyer, might employ his talents in a better cause. The Democrats buy Negro votes for cash, when they can get them at all, just as they sold Negroes for cash prior to 1860.

## DEMOCRATIC HYPOCRISY.

If a few of the colored Democrats so-called will kindly read the excerpt from the speech of S. A. Roddenberry, of Georgia, perhaps they would reflect for a moment and conclude that they are asses as well as fools. Now, in the face of many such sentiments as expressed in the speech of the gentleman from Georgia, colored men, or a few of them, continue to declare for the Democratic party. Here is a Southern Democrat in the House of Representatives who declares that he has no respect for a colored man. He wants them discharged from office and their places filled by white men, no matter how competent they are and how meritorious their services are. This Georgia Democrat is not aware that there are feeble minded and weak colored veterans who are entitled to the same consideration as white veterans. Then again, with such talk, we hear every day, what encouragement is there for colored men to support the Democratic party? The Democratic managers will do anything to induce weak colored men to support their party, and what is the result? After a Democratic victory the colored brother invades the Democratic headquarters without result. Of course, they get promises, but a very few offices. The gentleman from Georgia comes from a section of the South where colored men are not allowed to sit down, and where they are not respected. He wants white men to fill places

that colored men have won by merit. In short, he doesn't want a colored man to fill a place that will entitle him to sit down.

## NEW ORLEANS FIZ.

Did you ever drink a New Orleans fiz? No! Well, then long years of your life have been marooned upon the island of commonplace, and your palate has missed the tickle from which ensues dreams of a never-ending elysium. How are they made? Really, we do not know. All we know is that the mixologist deftly pours in a cutglass tumbler several aromatic fluids, then with a shaker over it, he shakes for several minutes. When well shaken the shaker is removed and you have a drink fit for the gods; white and filmy and fantastic as the heavy November frost which opaques the window pane; pungent with the odor of mint, of spices, of citron, of clover blooms, and every ingredient which infuses a halo of indescribable perfumes up against the sensitive walls of the nasal appendage. And then you taste it. One sip and life spreads before you in kaleidoscopic colors; the most inanimate object is given fascinating existence; the dullest and most unpicturesque room is transposed into an apartment of oriental luxury; the hot, sultry high noon rays becoming refreshing breezes wafted hither from where jassamin and magnolia-freighted zephyrs blow to make life a sweet dream of luxuriant ease; uncomely damsels of uncertain age become fairies of grace, beauty and youth. And all this, and more, follows one sip of the nectared New Orleans fiz.

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

The Bee would like to know what right has the Juvenile Court to send white girls after conviction to the several homes in the District and send colored girls to the Reform School. Are white offenders any better than black offenders? Is Florence Carey, who has caused the Juvenile Court and other homes so much trouble, any better than any one else? From the report of the daily press it is quite evident that this girl is a dangerous element in society, and yet we find the court and other institutions dealing with her as if she was a saint. Would the Juvenile Court deal with a Negro girl as it has with Florence Carey? No! The Bee ventures the assertion that there is not a Negro girl in the Reform School as bad as Florence Carey is. What right has the Juvenile Court to send colored female offenders to the Reform School and white female offenders to so-called homes? Congress will be asked to investigate.

Does such conditions exist in heaven and in the other place as some of our Christian judges place so much stress on? Please explain to us American Christianity.

## ALL FILED.

Applications for the Haitian mission have been filed, but they will not be considered until year after next. See?

Stand pat.

All things come to him who waits.

Never be ashamed because of your color. There is no dishonor in Nature's bequests.

An honorable colored associate is preferable to a dishonorable white associate.

And Congress is still with us. But electric fans keep out the heat, and makes eloquence bearable.

There is no question but what the country is demanding the passage of the reciprocity act. President Taft read the signs of the times aright.

It's awful to think that those Alabamans have got to go home and engage in a campaign during the August dog days to ascertain who's who. We are with the winner.

Some newspapers, or rather some newspaper writers, worked overtime to give out the impression that Postmaster General Hitchcock and Secretary Hilles were engaged in a fight to the finish. And it was all merely newspaper imagination. Nothing to it but froth.

Register Napier is early to his office and the last to leave it. He

believes it is his duty to devote his time and energy to making a success out of the office he holds. He believes the salary paid him is in return for service given. Right idea, but refreshingly new for that office.

The Hampton Institute Alumni Association (local) held its closing meeting for the Summer Monday evening at the residence of Mr. Ferdinand D. Lee, president. The meeting was well attended. Arrangements were completed for 20 members who will leave July 18 to attend the conference and reunion at Hampton, July 18 to 22. They will be accompanied by several persons who have been invited by the school faculty. The trip will be made over the B. & O. Railroad to Baltimore, from thence on the Chesapeake Bay line steamer to Old Point, Va. A short musical selection was rendered, talks by Miss A. E. Grinage, Mr. E. C. Palmer, Dr. George W. Cobeness, Mr. George H. Murray and Mr. Washington, after which the members and their invited guests repaired to the dining-room where cool refreshments were served. Mr. F. D. Lee presided; E. B. Smith, secretary. Miss Arsine E. Jones, stenographic clerk at the Freedmen's Hospital, is spending her vacation at home with her parents in New Haven, Conn.

Miss Beatrice Ruffin, of 1704 10th Street, and Miss Grace Brown, attended as delegates the Christian Endeavor convention in Atlantic City, N. J. They will visit Philadelphia, Asbury Park and Baltimore before returning home.

Mr. Ferdinand D. Lee will attend the conference at Hampton Institute, July 18 to 22.

## CUNNINGHAM SCORED.

New Democratic Negro Convert Answered—Hot Shot Pierces Cunningham's Brain.

To the Editor of The Bee: It has been some time since I have taken advantage of your generosity by taking up space in your valuable paper, and I must say that The Bee has been very generous towards me for which I am very grateful, and some day I hope to be able to show my appreciation.

But this is not what I started out to say. My intention is to make a few remarks in reply to our good Democratic friend, Mr. Joseph C. Cunningham, who, it seems, has been truly converted, and must needs spread the good news among the erring colored brethren so that they may come from beneath the protecting shelter of the G. O. P. elephant and hide themselves to the very uncertain and rather flimsy shadow of the Democratic donkey's ears, being very careful not to get too near that ill-tempered animal's heels.

I agree with Mr. Cunningham that the cartoon referred to is rather aggravating to colored Democrats, especially those who had hopes of receiving something better from their best friend, as Mr. Cunningham terms the Southern Democrats, in his letter to the Washington Times not long ago, which I enclose, also and disabuses his mind of the notion that he's destined for the Charles Dickens class, and chases away the gap-filling idea that he's created to regulate all men and all things, he'll fit in some niche nicely. He's a bright limb of the Waring tree. In fact you never saw a Waring that was not bright—it's a bright family.

But one or two of them, especially Bob and his brother Jim, are obsessed with the "better-than-thou" notion. This notion has put many a brainy chap down and out. If Bob Waring harnesses his brain motor to last strictly and unhitches himself from the narrow, one-seated envy hearse, there's no reason on earth why he shouldn't be heard from, for it's in him to be a big noise around here if he curves his balls right. He's got the brains, and he's got the energy, and he's a mighty peert looking chap too, and looks and brains hitched together can give a fellow the inside track in life's race.

"How long should a man go with a woman before he marries her?" This question was put to me by a vision in white while I sat in the bow of the late River Queen coming up the Potomac from St. Luke's picnic. I told her vision in white that "it all depends upon the exigencies of the situation that has a bearing on the future." That philosophical, Huxley-laden reply caused her 36-inch bust to heave like a blacksmith's bellows, and she looked far away, as if trying to peer through the curtains of future in an effort to catch a glimpse of the hereafter. Suddenly she came to, and with her madonna face upturned to mine, whispered in soft purring tones, like the swish of Armond Scott's auto: "Would six months be long enough?" I wiped the perspiration from my Websterian brow, and in my most charming tones, a la Sumner Wormley, said "dearest Asphasia, six months wouldn't be long enough to get acquainted with a Washington girl's fancies. Why, I know some men here who have been going with the same girl, regularly, consistently, and exclusively since the Revolutionary War, and they are still unmarried. The girls that use to be are now spinsters with furrows in their brows, and the young men who used to be are now patriarchs. You better go and ask them this momentous question."

"Them?" she piteously cried, using near-pure English, "who is them?" Hastily taking out my pencil, I wrote down the names of two or three couples in Washington who have been chaperoning each other ever since George Washington broke camp and crossed the Delaware on "ice" for which there was no sale. "Hic," I said, "I dare not mention the names in a boiler-toned voice for fear of discovery. I'll just dot them down." She read, and as she did so, her 36-inch bust heaving like a tidal wave, she said sadly: "Does it take a life time for a man to marry a woman he has been going with while eons and eons have filtered through eternity?"

I replied, to still the beating of her 36-inch radius: "Yes, some nervous men." And the dark still waters of the Potomac, resting under a canopy, blue-vaulted and star-lit, echoed back,

## Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

I dropped in Bob Waring's office the other day, and before my presence was observed, discovered the Negro Sylvester, Blackstone and Charles, Dickens all rolled into one virile being, abstractly and earnestly gazing at a photo of a stunning bit of femininity whose raven locks were, figuratively, floating out from under a gainsboro hat decorated with a huge willow plume. Sly old Bob, whom we thought was callous to feminine graces and waists, and proof against the smiles and charms of all descendants of the fifth rib, seems to have felt a victim to the artful dodges of "melady" love. Well, it's about time. The top of Bob's head is getting to be as thinly populated with hair as the north pole is with white men, and compulency is setting in with a vengeance, all of which is a sure sign that old age is coming along tolerably fast. It's now or never with him, and if rumor is not a mere spring freshet, his ex-bluecoatship will soon be soliloquizing—"As we see it is all a mistaken identity." If Bob Waring, who practices law from necessity, and writes an occasional novel from conceitedness, should renounce bachelorhood and tie up with one of those figures we see in a hobble on the Rialto, the rest of these bachelors who have had their habitat in Washington since Hector was a pup, ought to take courage, and get themselves a shrew.

Speaking about Robert Louis Stephenson Waring, who, after many threats, broke into the literary circle with a novel novel, reminds me that the author-lawyer was, and is, possessed with an ambition to succeed Jim Cobb as special Assistant District Attorney. Some men, no matter what you feed them on, will chase phantoms. Now the author-lawyer is chasing the fleetest phantom and the darndest will-o-wisp that ever oozed out of imagination when he nurses an ambition to displace Jim Cobb, the Louisiana bachelor with a fancy for deep red ties. If ever a man had a strangle hold on his job that man is the one who uses "Jim" for a given name, and connects it to a name that is suggestive of a fellow who gets one or two base hits in every game. Bob never gave any thought to the requisites for the job.

It never occurred to him that his practice, like the skirts the women wear now, is very limited to no more such an ambition, and it never occurred to him that as yet he hasn't written his name so awfully darn high on the barrister's roll. He just got it into his bald pate that he wanted it, and so he asked for it. Some how I really like his nerve. If you haven't got nerve you won't be able to sit up at nights to watch the stars go out, or linger abstractly in front of a photo of some bewitching bit of femininity. It takes nerve to do anything once. That Bob's got the nerve argues that some day, when he disabuses his mind of the notion that he's destined for the Charles Dickens class, and chases away the gap-filling idea that he's created to regulate all men and all things, he'll fit in some niche nicely. He's a bright limb of the Waring tree. In fact you never saw a Waring that was not bright—it's a bright family.

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"some nervous men."

I like to accommodate a friend, and sometimes I'll make a sacrifice to do it, in emergency cases, but last week I got the jolt of my life. I have been figuring for three weeks how I was going to get away for a quiet little rest in some sequestered spot far from the maddening crowd. I hadn't much to go on, and I couldn't go without at least buying a pair or two of white duck trousers and a pair of canvass shoes. While I was contemplating a week or two of rest, a dear friend of mine, one of those "stuck-closer-around-a-brother" friend called around to my house and said he was in sore distress; must have twenty-five legal tenders by 1 o'clock; dire necessity; his honor was at stake; and promised to pay back swiftly. I melted, went down in my wallet and passed him over \$25, all the while my vision of a vacation beating itself to death in the etherial blue. However, I could not go back on a friend, when he was in distress. He would not tell me what his distress was; only said, "Old Pal, some day I'll tell you the whole story—not now; haven't the heart." I thought of death in his family, of a ten percent pressing a chattel mortgage; conjured up thoughts of a military wedding in which my bosom friend might be the unwilling but enforced groom. Two days later the mystery was solved; the dire distress was divulged. I received a souvenir postal card from him at Atlantic City saying: "Having a fine time. Wish you would come over. Water's fine."

"What did I do after I read it?" Oh, nothing, just went down to Gas-kins and bought enough forgetful fluid to make me think I was rich, and sailing in my own yacht. "What did I say?" Can't repeat the words here, but when I meet my friend again, I'll repeat them to him with emphasis.

## AT ATLANTIC CITY

(Continued from page 1.)

tant one meet William, the Peace Maker. If not, then it happened just the same and with good effect. Mr. Taft came upon the stand, and while the 18,000 waited, swapped talk with the Doctor of Tuskegee and the world. Mr. Washington reached back and brought the Bishop to the front; there was a general bowing, hand-shaking and exchanging of greetings. The trick was turned. On the next night, at the banquet of the Business League, the Bishop made public his change of heart and took the chance to say he thought his fight had brought some good. It had made the Republicans take notice. It made them appoint Lewis. He also told of his little trap, as he styled it, and that he had been the man to shake the tree. In fact, he had not had time to watch all plums which fell. The Bishop served notice that in matters political he intended to follow the advice of Dr. Washington. I think the statement, which deponent makes on affidavit, is about as good notice of transfer of policies on the part of the Bishop as any one may expect where those two politicians are concerned.

Atlantic City Business League Holds Reception and Banquet. On Saturday evening the local Business League held a reception and banquet in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Washington in Fitzgerald's Auditorium. The Doctor made a brilliant address to a large audience, made up of the leading citizens of the city and county. Mr. Washington was introduced by Prof. Hawkins, secretary of the Educational Board of the A. M. E. Church.

"This is the third time I have had the good privilege of being the guest of the good citizens of Atlantic City. I am charmed at the reception and the general hospitality you have accorded me, and I love your city and your surroundings. I want to thank you and each of you individually for the very charming visit you have made this for me and Mrs. Washington, and I assure you that this very pleasant stay will ever remain with me a green and refreshing memory."

"It is great what you, so few in numbers, are able to accomplish here where every one comes to cast care aside and to be rid of the serious side of life. It is you who put the balance on, you are the salt without which the whole lump would spoil. And I honor you who come together in this guise, the Business League, and work for the accomplishing of something worth while. Who stand inevitably for what is decent and right and holy and honorable. You have a leadership and an organization, salient elements which should command the highest respect of all within these borders. You have turned this into a year round resort. In Spring it is a Spring resort; and in Winter, a Winter resort; and what is more, the people come here. You catch them coming and you catch them going. But I honor and respect it all. There is no spot in America bringing together so many strong and precious young men and women as this city of yours. They come here to make money enough to pursue their college courses. And notwithstanding the many who come here to cast care and that which is serious in life aside, yet you have saving influences. Your many churches, your Y. M. C. A. and Endeavor societies are all here as harbors of safety. I repeat, I am glad to be among you."

"My friends, I know at times we are inclined to become discouraged at conditions. But he is fortunate who can get away and study the problem by comparison with that of the miserable working class on the other side of the water, in the old world. As I have seen you on the street, in your homes, when I see you and compare that with what I have seen abroad, I marvel at how far advanced you are to those conditions. I am thankful that we at least speak a world language. We can read the thought and keep in touch with all that's going on in the world, and that people who are so blessed are indeed fortunate."

In the old world they have about more, each one of the races thinks

seventeen race problems, and what is itself better than the other sixteen. Here we have only one race thinking itself better than one.

"I must say to you that we are making progress. We have opposition, but opposition has largely saved the black man in America. My friends, it takes opposition to make a race rise. And with the help of the forces that are working for our betterment, we certainly must advance."

"I pray that God may keep your faces toward the rising sun and bless you with progress throughout this generation and those yet to come."

## Afue McDowell.

Mr. Afue McDowell, of this past year's graduating class of Howard University Law School, and one of the seven young colored men who were successful in passing the recent bar examination and in being admitted, on last Tuesday, to practice law in this District, is now enjoying a double portion of success, for besides being admitted to practice, he has the distinction of having led his class during his senior year in two of the most difficult and important branches of law: Evidence and Constitutional Law, making, in the latter subject, the remarkably high average of 95 per cent, in examination and quizzes, the highest average in that subject known to the school. By virtue of this high standing, Mr. McDowell was awarded the beautiful medal offered by the Council of Upper Classmen of the University for the highest average in Constitutional Law. Incidentally, this is the first medal ever offered in the law school, and considering the keen, yet friendly competition for it, the winner may well be extremely happy over gaining it. Mr. McDowell comes from the golden State of California, and will practice in the District for a while with Mr. Armond W. Scott, one of our leading colored lawyers, and will ultimately settle in his home city, Los Angeles.

## Admitted to Bar, July 11.

Augustus McCoy Hanson, Alonzo Wilbur McEwen, James C. Waters, Jr., Charles S. Williams, Ernest L. Winters, John W. White, Afue McDowell.

## THE GRAND OLD CAMP MEETING OF GOOD HOPE, D. C.

Will Open July 9, 1911, on the Beautiful Grove of Allens A. M. E. Church—Supplied With the Finest Water in the District.

There will be good order on the grounds, and this promises to be the best camp ever held on this old historic spot. The purpose of this meeting is not for sport, but for the saving of souls for whom our Saviour died.

The following ministers and their congregations have promised their support: Revs. I. N. Ross, D. D. of Met. A. M. E. Church, D. C.; C. H. Young, of St. Paul A. M. E. Church, D. C.; P. J. Jordan, D. D., P. E., of Eastern District; George Gynn, B. D., State Sup't of the A. C. E. L.; J. A. Taylor, D. D., of Emmanuel Baptist Church, Garfield; Walter Brooks, D. D., of 19th St. Baptist Church, D. C.; U. N. Leeper, of Ebenezer A. M. E. Church, D. C.; D. P. Seaton, D. D., of Brown's Memorial, D. C.; John Porter, B. D., of Campbell's A. M. E. Church, Hillsdale; V. I. Bailey, of Hillsdale Station, D. C.; Joseph Matthews, of Bethlehem Baptist Church, Hillsdale; J. D. Banks, of Bladensburg; G. O. Wing, B. D., of Bennings; J. E. Porter, W. H. Coston, D. D., W. A. Ray, D. D., of Met. Baptist Church, D. C., and many others.

Thos. Henson stages run every 15 minutes. Fare, only 10 cents each way.

All pastors and their congregations, choirs and singing bands are invited. Plenty of refreshments on the grounds at moderate prices.

All laws protecting camp meetings will be strictly enforced by the proper authorities.

Collection, 5 cents at the gate, Sundays only.

Mr. Henry Williams, manager; Mr. R. H. Beverly, secretary; Rev. C. H. Steptean, D. D., P. E.; Rt. Rev. L. J. Crippin, D. D., bishop; Rev. W. D. Naylor, pastor.

## Appointed Notary.

Mr. John A. Moss, Jr., son of Attorney John A. Moss, Sr., has been reappointed a Notary Public by the President.

## Good Opportunity.

If you want a good home at a reasonable price, read the advertisement of Mr. Rollins in another column of The Bee. These houses are to be sold to first-class colored Americans. Don't fail to inspect them at once.

## Fosters DYE Works

FOSTER'S DYE AND CLEANING WORKS.

(You Street, between 11th and 12th Streets, Northwest.)  
Business and Display Office,  
11th and You Streets, Northwest.  
CALL AND INSPECT OUR WORK.

Ladies' suits a specialty.  
Gentlemen's suits cleaned, pressed and sponged.  
Gloves cleaned.

All goods look like new when they leave our works.  
FOSTER'S DYE WORKS.

## Job Printing.

If you want up-to-date work done at an up-to-date printing office, call or send for estimates. This office never disappoints. All kinds of printing done at the shortest notice. W. Calvin Chase, Jr., manager, 1109 Eye Street, Northwest.

FOR RENT—Nice comfortable rooms, furnished or unfurnished, hot and cold water and bath.  
Apply to MRS. HARVEY  
402 O ST., N. W.





The lure of Spring is bringing hundreds of happy promenaders along the popular Fourteenth street thoroughfare, and as usual, they fall in at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1/2 Fourteenth street, "the place where everybody meets everybody else," or you see them enjoying those delicious sodas at Ninth and You streets, the popular "Lookout Corner" of Board & McGuire.

Hon. S. H. Vick and Dr. E. L. Reed, who have been to New York, stopped over a few days in this city en route to their home in Wilson, N. C.

Mrs. Ethel Scott and little daughter Eufaula Alabama, is visiting her brother, R. W. Forte, of 308 Third street, S. E.

Mr. David L. Cooper is spending his vacation in Lenox, Mass.

Miss Pearl Flagg has returned to her home in Baltimore, Md. Mrs. George Fossitt and Mrs. Allen Jackson, of Anacostia, D. C., were guests of Mrs. Truxon, in Baltimore, Md., on July 2.

Miss Hannah Morris is visiting her mother, Mrs. Sarah F. Morris, 1829 Eager street, Baltimore, Md.

Miss B. E. Burke is attending school in New York City during the Summer season.

Mrs. William Boyd is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Fields, of 145 West 115th street, New York City.

Mrs. O. H. Waters has returned to New York City after a pleasant visit here. Her brother and Mrs. Hattie Lee accompanied her home.

Miss Maude Houston has returned to Cambridge, Mass., after spending several months here.

Prof. and Mrs. W. G. Black are guests at Talbot Cottage, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Gates, of Baltimore, was a recent visitor to this city.

Miss Blanch Winer, of Baltimore, Md., is spending the Summer here. Mrs. Ida Miner, of Baltimore, Md., is here on a two weeks' visit.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Miss Coleman, of this city, is visiting Hattie Dohman, of Druid Hill avenue, Baltimore.

Dr. T. Devoe, of this city, visited friends in Baltimore, Md., while en route to Toronto, Canada.

Miss Penn is the guest of Dr. Laura Killingsworth, of 1147 N. Carey street, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Edna Brent is visiting her aunt, Mrs. S. W. Dickerson, in Richmond, Va., during this month.

Miss Rebecca Dickerson, of Richmond, Va., is visiting relatives in this city.

Mrs. Alice Sneed left the city Tuesday to visit relatives and friends in New York City. Before returning home she will visit Asbury Park and Atlantic City, N. J.

Miss Florence M. Letcher left the city Saturday for Atlantic City, where she will join her mother, who is spending the Summer there.

Mrs. W. G. Turner has returned to her home in Philadelphia, after a pleasant visit of two weeks in this city.

Miss Arsine E. Jones, stenographer at Freedman's Hospital, left the city July 7 for her home in New Haven, Conn. She will be the guest of her parents during the Summer months.

Miss Laura Hawesworth is visiting friends in Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Nellie Washington has gone to Philadelphia, Pa., to spend several weeks with Miss Lillian Gray.

Mrs. Williams, of Philadelphia, Pa., is visiting her parents here.

Everybody meets everybody else these beautiful warm days at the popular drug stores of Board & McGuire, at 1912 1/2 14th Street, Northwest, or at their "Busy Corner," at Ninth and U Streets, Northwest, two places for the most delicious ice cream soda in the city.

Mrs. Helen Lanning and Jessie Faust are in Philadelphia.

Mrs. M. C. Terrell was a recent guest at Hotel Dale, Cape May, N. J.

Mrs. Johnson is the guest of her brother, Mr. Joseph Smith, in Coatesville, Pa.

Mrs. Bessie Rich is visiting her sister-in-law in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Frank Willett has returned to Philadelphia after a three weeks' visit in this city.

Prof. W. A. Dyson and J. G. Logans are visiting at Asbury Park, N. J.

Miss Amanda Perkins is visiting her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Howard, at Preston Heights, Va.

Mr. Charles Fuller, of Charlottesville, Va., is visiting friends in this city.

Mrs. J. R. Gillem is spending the Summer at Asbury Park, N. J.

Miss Blanch Armwood, of Tampa, Fla., is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Smith, 1309 R street northwest.

Misses Alice P. and Florence May Williams will spend the Summer at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Wm. Wells, Miss Julia Syphax and Miss Corinne Martin, of this city, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Greene, in Buffalo, N. Y., while en route to Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. S. G. Snowden and daughter Ruth Bernice, of New York City, are here on a two weeks' visit.

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

Mrs. O. H. Waters has returned to her home in New York City.

Miss Alice Nelson has gone to South Bend, Ind., and other points in Michigan, stopping at Pittsburg and Cleveland en route.

Mrs. Warfield and children returned from Atlantic City last Friday, after a two weeks' stay, and left Monday for the country to spend the remainder of the Summer.

Ralph W. Tyler was called to Columbus last Sunday by the death of his brother, Earnest Fleetwood Tyler, who died early Sunday morning.

Dr. Arthur Gray spent the past week at Atlantic City.

Dr. Booker T. Washington was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Napier at the Langston home for a few hours last Sunday.

Mr. James A. Cobb will spend his vacation on the New England coast.

Prof. A. H. Glenn is taking a summer course at Columbia University.

Prof. Woodson is enjoying the sea breezes at Atlantic City.

Maj. Arthur Brooks is with President Taft's family at Beverly, Mass.

Dr. Morse, who has the finest drug store in the West End, also has the best prescription compounder. Dr. Morse, who is also a registered pharmacist, never makes a mistake. Call 19th and L streets northwest.

Mrs. Conner, wife of Dr. Wm. Conner, of Eleventh street, is visiting her mother in Oberlin, Ohio.

Mr. Thomas Grant, of Charleston, S. C., is a visitor in Washington.

Mrs. W. H. Clifford is on a visit in the West.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Church, Jr., of Memphis, Tenn., and Miss Sally Johnson, of this city, is a matrimonial event set for July 27.

Dr. Booker T. Washington, who arrived in the city last week, stopped with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sidney Pittman.

Rev. I. I. Toliver, pastor of Liberty Baptist Church, left the city for an extended Western trip.

Ex-Gov. P. B. S. Pinchback, of New York, was in the city last week on a visit to his wife.

Mr. Wyatt S. Thompson, father of Mrs. Blanch C. Drew, was in the city last week on business and left the city Monday night.

Attorney Benjamin Gaskins has returned from Richmond, Va., where he has been on legal business.

Dr. Morse has the finest assortment of ointments and toilet articles that can be purchased anywhere in the city.

Mrs. Ella V. Chase Williams, who has been with her sisters for a month, left Thursday for Abbeville, S. C., accompanied by her daughters, Misses Virginia, Ada and Marion, and Sylvia Anderson. They will return the latter part of August.

Miss Eva A. Chase will spend the months of July and August and part of September with her sister, Mrs. Lula Goldberry, at Tye River, Lynchburg, Va.

Attorney W. L. Pollard will spend a few days in the country.

Miss G. B. Maxfield and her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Maxfield, will spend next month in Long Island and Atlantic City.

Madam McNairde, of Indianapolis, Ind., whose advertisement you will read in another portion of the paper, was called to Detroit, Mich., on professional business.

Mr. Thomas H. Jones, formerly of this city, but now of New York, is in the city this week on a visit.

Dr. John W. Morse, of the Gem Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest, has everything that a first-class druggist possesses. Drop in.

Miss Emma McGinnis left the city Wednesday morning for Durham, N. C. She will be a guest at the National Religious Summer School.

Stewart-Sewall Wedding.

Miss Lillian Stewart, of Charlotte, N. C., and Dr. C. A. Sewall, a prominent physician of this city, were married Thursday, July 6, at the home of Mrs. Annie Lyles, in Alexandria, Va.

The wedding ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Henderson, was attended by a small company of immediate friends. The bride was tastefully attired in a gown of Chantilly cluny lace, with hat to match. Dr. and Mrs. Sewall returned to their home, 1127 18th Street, after a wedding breakfast.

DR. AND MRS. WASHINGTON

And Family, House Guests of Lawyer and Mrs. Isaac H. Nutter.

(Special to The Washington Bee.)

Atlantic City, N. J., July 10.

Dr. and Mrs. Washington and family are the house guests of Lawyer and Mrs. Isaac H. Nutter at their beautiful cottage in Arctic avenue.

The stay of the Tuskegee and his family has really inaugurated the social season here, just about two weeks ahead of the usual program.

On Friday evening Dr. Washington spoke to the great C. E. convention, holding sessions on the Million Dollar Pier. On the same evening President Taft spoke. The Negro educator received cheers and applause at that

## Open for Inspection 2125-31 Newport Place Northwest Sample House 2127

The equal in finish and style to a \$7500 house

### A FEW OF THE FEATURES:

- Cement cellar.
- Front and rear porches.
- Large back yards to alley.

### Tiled bath with terrazo floors

### Hot water heat

- Extra closet and wash tubs in cellar.
- Hardwood finish.
- Dome lights in dining room.
- Gas and electricity.
- Handsome mantels in parlor and dining room.
- Eighteen feet wide.
- Fronts finished off in Spanish tile.

Two square from Dupont Circle  
One square from New Hampshire Avenue  
One square from P street car line

Price \$4500 Easy Terms

Frank T R wlings Co 1405 N.Y. Ave.  
NORTHWEST

meeting, where there were 18,000 people gathered, which has only been excelled by one man in the history of this city, and that was the President of the United States.

On Saturday from 5:30 to 8 P. M., Mrs. Nutter gave a dinner party and reception in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Washington. Mrs. Nutter was assisted in receiving by her sister-in-law, Mrs. N. G. Nutter, of Philadelphia.

The fact that Deputy Sheriff N. G. Nutter and his bride had come to spend their honeymoon in Atlantic City, and were also the house guests of Mrs. Nutter, who, until the party reached Atlantic City, did not know of the marriage, made the house party a very jolly affair.

After the dinner a large number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Washington came in to pay respects.

Dinner Guests.

Dr. and Mrs. Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan G. Nutter, of Philadelphia; Mr. Ernest D. Washington, Master Thomas and Miss Laura Washington, Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Hawkins, Editor Chris. Perry, Dr. James F. Bourne, Mr. James A. Lightfoot, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac H. Nutter.

Among those received by Mrs. Washington were, Mr. and Mrs. Phil. Payton, of New York; Editor and Mrs. Perry, of Philadelphia; J. C. Asbury, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, of Richmond; Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Moore, of Washington, and Bishop Walters.

North Carolinians.

Hon. S. H. Vick and Dr. D. L. Reed, of Wilson, N. C., who had been to New York City, stopped over in this city last week. These two well-known Southerners dined at the Northwest Cafe while in the city.

Mr. Vick is well known to the people in this country. Both gentlemen left for the South last Saturday evening.

West Washington News.

The residence of Mrs. Susie Thomas, 1345 20th Street, Northwest, was the scene of brilliancy and pleasure Tuesday evening, where a most delightful time was enjoyed. Mrs. Thomas, the hostess of the evening, in whose honor the gathering assembled, invited the guests out into the spacious yard which had been illuminated with Chinese lanterns, etc., where a lovely spread was served.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. James Goins, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Turner, Mrs. Ida Parker, Miss Katie Bennett, Miss Emma Grinnell, Mrs. W. Coleman, Mrs. S. Sewell, Dr. V. S. Martin, Mrs. H. Thomas and Jas. L. Turner. Mrs. Thomas leaves for the Summer for Atlantic City.

Rev. J. Beamán, of the Walker Memorial Baptist Church, preached a very eloquent sermon on Sunday morning to the congregation of the First Baptist Church.

Rev. E. E. Ricks is now in Philadelphia, Pa., attending the great meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society.

Miss Jetha Lee, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Lee, has left for Wellington, Ohio, where she is spending the Summer with her uncle, Mr. Willis Sample, a very prominent business man of the State of Ohio.

Rev. George Jacobs is successfully (temporarily) filling the position as class leader of Class No. 6, Mt. Zion M. E. Church, vice Mr. Andrew Carter, deceased.

The excursion of Mt. Zion M. E. Church on July 7, 1911, to Somerset Beach, was very successful, considering the rumor of the unsafeness of the steamer River Queen, which was destroyed by fire the next evening, a striking coincidence which occurred in August, 1872, when the same congregation went to Glymont on the ill-fated steamer, the Warwasett, which was burned the next day, losing many lives.

Mrs. Mary Turner and Mrs. Thomas are spending the week among the beautiful hills of Maryland.

The Bee, five cents a copy, 29th and O Streets, Northwest.

## HOWARD UNIVERSITY

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Rev. W. P. Thirkfield, Pres

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Why doesn't your hair look as good as hers? Because you don't use "TWIN SEAL" POMADE. Begin right now to use this excellent preparation. It makes the hair soft, pliable and glossy. Good in cases of itching of the scalp and prevents the hair falling out.

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### WHY WORRY.

During the hot Summer days about your cooking problem?

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Renders service "just like home" at a lower cost to you.

We have secured the service of two expert female chefs who have had years of experience in some of the leading families in this city.

We bake our own bread morning and evening.

Electric Fans	Ice Tea	Polite and
and Lights	Drip Coffee	Courteous
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Special prices to families for Summer months.

W. W. MARTIN, Prop.

### Fairmount Heights Notes.

The sixth annual outing and moonlight picnic of the Fairmount Heights Citizens' Association was held Monday night, July 10, in the pine grove in front of the homes of Mr. W. Sidney Pittman and Rev. R. A. Hart, 61st Street and Eastern Avenue, Fairmount Heights, D. C. The Committee on Arrangements worked faithfully and looked for a great success. Indeed, the affair was the most successful and patronized by a larger number of persons than any anniversary ever held here. More than 500 persons were present and "everybody was happy." We are glad to note the presence of a great majority of the good citizens of Fairmount Heights, also many distinguished visitors from Washington and elsewhere. A full account will be given in the next issue of your very valuable paper.

The citizens of Fairmount Heights were fortunate in having Dr. Booker T. Washington deliver an instructive lecture at the public hall a few days ago. Among other things the Doctor demonstrated the result of unity in a community, and since the lecture the

talk of unity has been the topic of discussion.

We have succeeded so far in raising the sum of \$200 on the building fund of the M. E. Church here.

There will be a great meeting at the public hall Sunday evening at 3:30 o'clock.

JAMES F. ARMSTRONG.

### MAY CONTINUE TO PREACH.

Court Refuses to Interfere in Case of Rev. J. E. Willis.

Rev. James E. Willis, the newly elected pastor of Vermont Avenue Baptist Church, may continue to preach, according to a decision rendered Monday by Justice Anderson, who declined to interfere with the result of the election.

The court held he was without jurisdiction in the matter and dismissed a rule issued on the complaint of the unsuccessful faction of the church.

Attorneys Ralston, Siddons & Richardson and Thomas L. Jones represented the new pastor, while Attorneys M. N. Richardson, W. L. Pollard, John Ridout and Jabez Lee appeared for the plaintiffs.



## WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have. These Negroes — these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars — will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores, and what other lines of business will now make an effort to direct to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 approximate Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you. Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

## MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1.) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular, 50 cents postpaid.

(2.) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3.) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncurled and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4.) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5.) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6.) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7.) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents postpaid.

(8.) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9.) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented. We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp. We will send book as attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people. We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only \$25 capital required.

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## PLATINIZED GLASS.

Does Not Lose Its Transparency, but It Produces an Odd and Triky Kind of Mirror.

Platinized glass consists of a piece of glass coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid-charged with platinum and then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form an odd kind of mirror.

The glass has not really lost its transparency, and yet if one places it against a wall and looks at it he sees his image as in an ordinary looking glass. But when light is allowed to come through the glass from the other side, as when it is placed in a window, it appears perfectly transparent, like ordinary glass.

By constructing a window of platinized glass one could stand close behind the panes in an unilluminated room and behold clearly everything going on outside, while passersby looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror or set of mirrors in which their own figures would be reflected while the person inside remained invisible.

In France various tricks have been contrived with the aid of this glass. In one a person seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror approaches it to gaze upon himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure that had been hidden behind the glass.—Harper's Weekly.

## ORIGIN OF LLOYD'S.

Humble Beginning of Europe's Great Maritime Agency.

Two centuries ago a man who had a cargo to send to the Mediterranean contrived to get rid of some of the risk by inducing a friend to take an interest with him. It was necessary to write out a statement of contract to which the guarantors subscribed. This was the first underwriting.

These two men happened to be frequenters of Lloyd's coffee house in London, which was a favorite place for the merchants of the town to gather to discuss business or to gossip.

Others immediately saw the advantage of the scheme which their colleagues had devised, and on the next voyage the risk was parceled out among a larger number of the patrons of the coffee house.

Out of this small beginning has grown the great European maritime agency, still bearing the name of the humble coffee house proprietor, and which not only writes risks on vessels, but rates them and publishes their arrivals at every port the world over, no matter how small or how remote.

Where Abraham Fished. Mrs. Victoria de Bunsen in "The Soul of a Turk" relates a legend concerning Abraham which will be new to many readers. She learned of it while at Edessa, the traditional Ur of the Chaldees. She was shown there a large oblong tank of water so filled with fishes resting just below the surface of the water that their fins and backs seemed almost wedged together so as to form "an almost solid layer of silvery life."

"The guardian of the mosque throws some meal into the water, and the fish jump high to catch it, a great living pyramid, of which those which jump the highest form the pinnacle. The tradition is that Abraham as a child fished in the tank; hence the fish were considered sacred. No single one has been caught or killed to this day. Indeed, death would overtake the man who transgressed this law."

Protection From Lightning. Sir Oliver Lodge stated that the problem of securing protection from lightning consisted in finding the best method of dissipating the enormous energy of the flash, but that it was not wise to get rid of the energy too quickly. A thin iron wire is considered the best lightning conductor from the electrical point of view, but it is almost impossible to protect a building from lightning unless it is completely enveloped in a metal cage. It is by no means true that a building is safe when provided with a conductor reaching up to the highest part of the building.

The Origin of Grocer. Grocer appears in Holinshed's Chronicle, 1580, as "grosser," and in other mediaeval records it is sometimes written "engrosser" and was applied to the spicers and peppers who were wholesale dealers in various spices—that is, who dealt in gross—in large quantities, as distinguished from "retailers," who were retail dealers. The Grocers' company first adopted the word grocer in 1873, when the spicers and peppers allied themselves into a single corporation.—London Express.

A Useless Question. "They have named the baby after Uncle Belshazzar." "Has Uncle Belshazzar money?" "Do you suppose they liked the name?"—Pittsburg Post.

Cruel. Mrs. Benham—Every time I sing to the baby he cries. Benham—He gets his ability as a musical critic from my side of the house.—New York Press.

Prosperity demands of us more prudence and moderation than adversity.

## A MAGIC CLUB.

Village Sorcerer Performs Rites Over Curious Decoy Used by the Native Fishermen of Hawaii.

"Lau melomelo" is the name of a decoy used by the native fishermen of Hawaii. It is made of the hardest wood to be found on the islands and is carved and rubbed till it assumes the shape of a club with a little knob at the smaller end, to which the line is tied.

The club is from one to three feet long. A village sorcerer performs certain rites over it over a sacred fire. After this is done the club is magic, and the fisherman must be extremely careful of it. If a woman should step over it or enter a canoe in which it lies the club would lose all its power and would be useless ever afterward.

After the club has been charmed the fisherman mixes candlenut and coconut meat, bakes it and ties the mixture in a wrapper of cocoon fiber.

At the fishing grounds the club is covered with the oily juice of the stuff and is then lowered carefully to the bottom. The scent of the baked nut meat attracts certain kinds of fish, which soon gather and begin to nibble at the club. As soon as enough fish are around the decoy a small bag shaped net is lowered very gently until its mouth is just over the club. The latter is then pulled up carefully and cunningly till it is within the bag. The fish are so eager for the stuff with which the club is covered that they follow it into the net without fear. As soon as all the fish are in it a fisherman dives and closes the mouth of the net, whereupon the rest haul it up quickly.

## THE MIDDLE AGED MAN.

Finding Happiness in a Life That to Youth Is Irksome.

"Younger people," said the middle aged man, "want variety. They want to be always on the go. Routine galls them. They hate to have to do the same thing over and over and over again day after day."

"They want to go somewhere or do something different all the time. Older people are happiest in a life of routine, most disturbed when variety is thrust upon them."

"For myself I welcome my daily task, endlessly repeated and always the same. I should be lost without it; disturbed if it were changed. A life of habit suits me best. I like the old scenes—familiar friendly surroundings. I don't want to change."

"Nor do I want much outside pleasure. In fact, I think I should be best suited with none. I like my groove. It fits me, and I fit it. I don't want change. I just want to be left alone to work in my accustomed ways. It is in my groove that I am most comfortable. I like a life of labor and routine."

"And could there come to one a greater blessing? Nature and the customs of men enforce routine upon us whether we like it or not. In youth this irks us, but in our maturer years in a life of routine, in the undisturbed enjoyment of familiar labor, we may find our greatest happiness."—New York Sun.

## The One to Pay.

When she was Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West consented to electioneer for Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett in his first parliamentary campaign. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was married to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a very rich woman, who was nearly forty years his senior. Lady Randolph, with her beauty and charms, did splendid work for the candidate.

To a group of farmers she said one day:

"Won't you promise me to vote for Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett?" "My lady," said a red faced farmer, with a chuckle, "we'll all vote for him if every vote 'll be paid for with a kiss."

"Thank you very much," said Lady Randolph. "Your offer is accepted. I'll send for the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at once."

## Deserted Their Towns.

So late as the end of the seventeenth century the inhabitants of Ceylon were in the habit of deserting their towns. Their customs are described in the narrative of Captain Robert Knox, who for nineteen years, from 1680 to 1679, was a captive among them. He speaks of several towns as lying desolate owing to the fact that their inhabitants had forsaken them. This they did if many of them fell sick, and two or three died soon after one another, thinking that it was a visitation of the evil one. Some of them came back when they thought the evil spirits had departed.

## A Queer Creature.

Queer that while the male seal is a bull and the female a cow their youngster is not called a calf, but a pup. Why "seal fisheries," too, when the seal is not a fish?

And why should the seal's breeding place be styled a rookery? It looks as if this strange creature is only a fish in common parlance while at sea. On land (or ice) he is classed popularly with animals or birds.—Exchange.

## Gratitude.

Kind Lady—My poor man, what would you do with the money if I gave you a penny? Tired Hobo—Madam, I'd buy a picture postcard and write you a note o' thanks.—Cleveland Leader.

Ignorance when it is voluntary is criminal.—Johnson.

## THE WHITE WASH.

The Reason For Its Presence on the Hudson Bay Company's Boat Explained by the Captain.

It is or was a rule of the Hudson Bay company that no woman be allowed passage on its boats. One day some years ago as a steamer of the company neared one of the northernmost ports a string of white garments was seen stretched across the deck. The watchers were amazed, for to them the wash line suggested only the presence of a woman aboard the boat.

Comment was freely made of the scandal that would ensue and the shakeup that would follow. When the boat docked the line of washing had disappeared—still another proof of the scandal.

Later one of the landmen said to the captain:

"Why, how did it happen that you carried a woman passenger this trip?" "There was never a woman along the whole voyage," was the indignant answer. "What do you mean?"

"If there was no woman aboard where did all that white wash come from?" was the triumphant reply.

The captain looked puzzled for a moment, and then he laughed.

"Oh," he said, "and didn't we have Lord Strathcona, the governor himself, along with us on this trip? And every day doesn't he insist on having his clean white shirt, no matter how far north we are? That's the white wash you saw strung along deck. And, what's more, doesn't his lordship insist upon having his London paper laid beside his plate every morning, no matter if it is a year old?"—Pearson's.

## A MASTER OF METAPHOR.

It Must Have Relieved Him to Get This Out of His System.

A water consumer in a certain city, whose supply had been turned off because he wouldn't pay, wrote to the department as follows:

"In the matter of shutting off the water on unpaid bills your company is fast becoming a regular crystallized Russian bureaucracy, running in a groove and deaf to the appeals of reform. There is no use of your trying to impugn the verity of this indictment by shaking your official heads in the teeth of your own deeds."

"If you will persist in this kind of thing a widespread conflagration of the populace will be so imminent that it will require only a spark to let loose the dogs of war in our midst. Will you persist in hurling the cornerstone of our personal liberty to your wolfish hounds of collectors thirsting for its blood? If you persist the first thing you know you will have the chariot of a justly indignant revolution rolling along in our midst and gnashing its teeth as it rolls."

"If your rascally collectors are permitted to continue coming to our doors with unblinking footsteps, with cloaks of hypocritical compunction in their mouths, and compel payment from your patrons this policy will result in cutting the wool off the sheep that lags the golden egg until you have pumped it dry, and then farewell, a long farewell, to our vaunted prosperity."—Everybody's.

## When to Eat Fruit.

To obtain the most benefit from the succulent fruits they should be eaten at the end of the chief meal. Bananas are an exception and may be eaten with any meal. They are very acceptable cut in thin slices and eaten with bread and butter. Stewed fruits often have their virtues wasted through being eaten at the wrong time. Six or eight stewed prunes half an hour before breakfast are beneficial; so are stewed figs or stewed apples eaten before breakfast. Peeled oranges cut into thin slices so that the juice is set free, with sugar strewn over the slices, are not unlike pineapple and form a highly efficacious aid to digestion. Grapes should never be eaten except after the chief meal of the day. Taken when the stomach is comparatively empty, they are a specially harmful fruit.—Family Doctor.

## Ruler of Russia's Title.

The general allusion to the ruler of Russia as the czar is, strictly speaking, incorrect. His official title is "emperor and autocrat." Czar is the old Russian word for lord or prince and was abandoned by Peter the Great on his triumphal return from Poltava, his crowning victory over Charles XII. of Sweden. Since then the Russian monarch has been officially entitled emperor, and at the congress of Vienna in 1815 his right to the imperial term was admitted by the powers, with the proviso that, though he was emperor, he had no precedence over the kings of western Europe.—St. James' Gazette.

## The Modern Idea.

Roman Guide (impressively)—The ruins of the Coliseum! Seattle Man (astonished)—Well, what do you think of that? Why, I saw photographs of that heap twenty years ago. Roman Guide (loftily)—Quite likely, sir. Seattle Man—But why in thunder aren't those ruins cleared away and a modern Coliseum erected?—New Orleans Picayune.

## Unless.

Townsend—Can a man live on \$1 a day? Beers—Certainly, unless he's so prodigal as to lay something aside for a rainy day, keep up his insurance, eat when he's hungry, buy clothes and pay his bills.—Chicago News.

There is no well doing, no godlike doing, that is not patient doing.—Timothy Titcomb.

## MAN'S WILL POWER.

Bismarck's Comment on Schopenhauer and His Theory as It Applied to Him.

In an entertaining account of a dinner party at Prince Bismarck's Berlin residence which is given in the recollections of the Livonian journalist Eckhardt the following, which was a part of the table talk, shows the host in a new light: The conversation had turned on Bismarck's early days at Frankfurt, and Eckhardt asked whether at the table d'hôte of the Hotel d'Angleterre his host had ever met Schopenhauer. "No," said Bismarck; "he had no use for me nor I for him. Moreover, I have never had time or desire to occupy myself with philosophy. While I was a student Schopenhauer was still unknown. I know absolutely nothing about his system."

Another guest, an admirer of Schopenhauer, then joined enthusiastically in the conversation and explained that the philosopher's great merit consisted in the discovery of the fact that will power was the indestructible essence of the mind of man and that intelligence was only of secondary importance. "That may very well be true," said Prince Bismarck, "at least as far as I am concerned, for I have often noticed that my will had already come to a decision while my mind had not yet finished thinking about the same subject."

## VENETIAN WOMEN.

The Whims of Fashion Hold No Terrors For Them.

The women of Venice are absolutely free from the rule which Dame Fashion exercises over their sisters elsewhere. They care nothing for modes. With them the length of the skirt remains always the same, neither short nor long, and they always wear plainly made dark dresses, black stockings and the heelless slippers of the east. Hats are unknown.

The universal outdoor wrap for all ages and all sizes is the black shawl, with a deep silken fringe. It is folded with a short point above and a long one below, and sometimes it envelops the figure from head to foot. It is never fastened at the throat, and when it slips off it is gathered up with one outstretched arm, which makes the spectator think of a big bird stretching its wing.

In their attire the women of Venice are independent, only wearing local clothing, but with feminine inconsistency they are thoroughly up to date in the matter of hairdressing, the style of their coiffures changing from time to time, according to the vogue of the moment in London and Paris.

## Identified.

William M. Chase, the artist, was a picturesque figure, dressing in clothes that had a certain originality, though they conformed more or less to the prevailing fashions. On one occasion Chase on his way home stepped into a little wine shop and ordered a jug of claret of a special brand sent to his house. The lad who brought it came to the front door an hour afterward, when the artist had already arrived. "Some wine," he said curtly. The maid, knowing there was yet plenty in the cellar and believing the lad had made a mistake, said she was sure it was not for that house and did the boy remember the name of the man who ordered it. The boy didn't. "Then," said the servant, "you've come to the wrong place; we never ordered wine." At this moment the boy spied Chase's famous hat on the hall table. "Say," he asked, "does that hat live here?" "Yes," said the amused maid. "Then," said the boy triumphantly, "here's where the wine belongs!"—Argonaut.

## Not For Fashion's Sake.

The criminal law of England was formerly marked by indiscriminating severity. Theft of an article valued above 10 shillings was punished with death. In writing about "Sweet Hampstead and Its Associations" Mrs. White records a pleasant thing of Lord Mansfield, who, as a rule, leaned to the side of mercy. It was Lord Mansfield who directed a jury to find a stolen trinket less in value than 10 shillings in order that the thief might escape capital punishment. To this the jeweler who prosecuted demurred, asserting that the fashion of the thing had cost him twice that money.

"Gentlemen," replied the judge, with grave solemnity, "we ourselves stand in need of mercy. Let us not hang a man for the fashion's sake!"

## MacMahon's Epigram.

When Marshal MacMahon in the Crimean campaign took the Malakoff by storm and wrote his celebrated dispatch, "J'y suis; j'y reste" ("Here I am; here I stay"), these words made him famous all over the world. Yet his friends said that the worthy soldier had written them in the most matter of fact manner, with no thought of phrase making. The most surprised person over the success of this epigram was MacMahon himself.

## Helping Her Out.

"Have you a young chicken? I am rather green at cooking." "Such being the case, madam, don't you think you'd better have an old, experienced fowl?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Mirth.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit. Wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.—Fuller.

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Carriages hired for funerals, parties, balls, receptions, etc. Horses and carriages kept in first-class style. Satisfaction guaranteed. Business at 1132 Third street northwest. Main office branch at 222 More street, Alexandria, Va. Telephone for Office, Main 1727.

Telephone call for Stable, Main 1428-5.

OUR STABLES IN FREEMAN'S ALLEY.

Where I can accommodate 50 Horses.

Call and inspect our new and modern stable.

J. H. DABNEY, Prop., 1132 Third Street N. W.

Phone, Main 3200.

Carriages for Hire.

## Is Your Hair Beautiful Soft, Silky and Long?



Does it comb easily without breaking?  
Is it straight?  
Does it smooth out nicely?  
Can you do it up in any of the charming styles, as it will stay, and make you proud of it?  
Is it long and full of life?  
If you cannot say YES to all of the above questions, then you need

### Nelson's Hair Dressing

NELSON'S HAIR DRESSING is the finest hair pomade on the face of the earth for colored people. It makes your hair grow fast; it makes stubborn, kinky and tangled hair as soft and supple as silk. It makes it healthy. It keeps it from splitting or breaking off. It makes it rich and gives it that clean, long look for by all true ladies.

Use Nelson's Hair Dressing and you'll never have dandruff. Your head will keep clean. The roots of your hair will have the necessary amount of oil. You will never have scalp disease. You will be delighted with its delicate perfume.

Nelson's Hair Dressing is put up in handsome four-ounce square tin boxes, like the lady holds in her hand. Druggists and agents everywhere sell it at 25 cents a box. If you can't get it, send us 30 cents and we will mail you a full size box postpaid. Go and buy it now, or sit right down and write us. Address

NELSON MANUFACTURING CO., Richmond, Va.

Live Agents Wanted.

Write Quick for Terms.

## HOLTMAN'S OLD STANE FINE BOOTS AND SHOES

491 Penn. ave. N. W.  
OUR \$2.50 AND \$3. SHOES ARE  
THE BEST MADE.  
SIGN OF THE BIG BOOT.  
WM. MORELAND, PROP.

## J. A. PIERRE

Orders Delivered Promptly  
J. A. PIERRE  
Wholesale and Retail  
Dealer in  
COAL, WOOD AND ICE  
454 New York Avenue, N. W.

## S-L KIDNEY BLADDER AND LIVER Remedy

—FOR—

RETENTION AND INCONTINENCE OF URINE.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Constipation. Pain in the back. It removes Uric acid from the blood, thereby relieving Rheumatism and many other long-standing diseases of the Kidneys & Bladder due from habit-forming drugs.

PRICE 50c.

Tyree & Co. Druggists  
S. E. Cor.  
Wash., D. C. 15th & H St. N. E.

## INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE NEGRO.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912.

For some years past I have had in mind to invite here from different parts of the world—from Europe, Africa, the West Indies and North and South America—persons who are actively interested or directly engaged as missionaries, or otherwise, in the work that is going on in Africa and elsewhere for the education and up-building of Negro peoples. For this purpose it has been determined to hold at Tuskegee Institute,

Alabama, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912, a little more than a year from this time, an international conference on the Negro. Such a conference as this will offer the opportunity for those engaged in any kind of service in Africa, or the countries above mentioned, to become more intimately acquainted with the work and the problems of Africa and these other countries. Such a meeting will be valuable and helpful, also, in so far as it will give opportunity for a general interchange of ideas in organizing and systematizing the work of education of the native peoples in Africa and elsewhere and the preparation of teachers for that work. Wider knowledge of the work that each is doing should open means of co-operation that do not now exist. The object of calling this conference at Tuskegee Institute is to afford an opportunity for studying the methods employed in helping the Negro people of the United States, with a view of deciding to what extent Tuskegee and Hampton methods may be applied to conditions in these countries, as well as to conditions in Africa.

It is hoped that numbers of people representing the different governments interested in Africa and the West Indies, as well as representatives from the United States and the countries of South America, will decide to attend this conference. Especially is it urged that missionary and other workers in these various countries be present and take an active part in the deliberations of the conference.

It is desirable, in any case, to have any suggestions as to what might be done to make the work of the conference more helpful to all concerned. The names of persons who would like to be present, with whom you are acquainted, will be appreciated, and through you they are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations of the conference.

Those who come to Tuskegee properly accredited will be welcomed and entertained as guests of the institution, and will be under no expense during their stay here.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

### River Queen.

The River Queen is a safe as well as clean boat. It is the boat for the people. Up-to-date service will be given to all patrons of this boat. Every wharf where the boat lands is safe, and the parks are well lighted and the people well protected from the weather. Select your date now.

### Wilberforian Orchestra.

The finest orchestra in the city is the Wilberforian. It is composed of educated young men, studying professions. The music by this orchestra is first class. You should hear it.

## DIFFERENCES IN FOGS.

Sea Mist Covers Water Only, but London Fog Penetrates Rooms and Shuts Out Light.

The fog of London and the fog of the sea alike discompose traffic, and omnibuses and steamships alike have had to lay to for safety. But while the London fog gets into your inmost room and baffles even the electric light—though the candle comes out triumphant curiously—the densest fog at sea does not disturb the saloon or the stateroom. Why is that?

The word "fog" has not been traced farther back than the sixteenth century, but the thing was known in the early years of the fourteenth. The commons, with the prelates and nobles visiting London for the parliaments and on other occasions, united to petition Edward I. to compel the burning only of dry wood and charcoal, as the growing use of sea coal corrupted the air with its stink and smoke, to the great prejudice and detriment of health. In 1308 the king prohibited the use of coal. Heavy ransom and fines were inflicted for disobedience. In the case of recalcitrant brewers, dyers and other artificers the furnaces and kilns were destroyed. But the restriction was evidently removed, for in 1308 \$250—probably equal to about \$4,000 now—was paid from the exchequer for wood and coal for the coronation of Edward II.—London Graphic.

## MODERN BUSINESS.

The Big Jobs Demand Hustlers Who Are Gentlemen.

A notable change has taken place in American business methods within the last decade. Increasingly men of large affairs are asking when a young man is recommended for a big job, "Is he a gentleman?" This is significant in two ways. It means that the big business men are themselves gentlemen and like to deal with men who speak their own language and that American business methods have grown to be such that the gentleman has an advantage.

There was a time when a man who was a hustler could be a cad if he liked and it did not hurt his chances much. But that time has passed. The big business men of today want young men who are tactful, intelligent, independent, yet unassuming; who would know how to talk to a diplomat and be at home in a good club; who could be trusted to behave kindly, honorably and discreetly in any situation of life; who, in short, have as their ideal the old, never changing ideal of the gentleman. Not everybody can define it, but everybody knows it at sight.

The gentleman, in short, can work along the line of least resistance, and that is why he is wanted.—Bookkeeper.

### An Open Giver.

Harold's father was in the habit of giving \$1 a Sunday to the church. This was put in a numbered envelope in the collection plate and the amount credited to him on the church books. Mr. T. was away for the summer and on his return inclosed his arrears in the envelope and intrusted it to Harold to put on the plate. When the little boy came home from church he said proudly, "I put an awful lot of money on the plate this morning—more'n anybody else, I guess."

"You got the envelope there all right?" asked his father carelessly, for Harold had been almost afraid to carry so much money.

"Oh, yes," he said, "but I took the envelope off when I got there and just put the money on the plate in my hand. Nobody'd have known how much I gave if I'd left it in the envelope."

### Elephant Threnodies.

The natives of certain portions of south central Africa, says the Duchess of Aosta in Harper's Weekly, look on the death of an elephant as an event. They attach an almost religious aspect to it. "As soon as the animal stalked is stretched out on the ground the hunters climb upon the huge, still warm body and there perform a dance, gesticulating and shaking their guns, accompanied by a sort of litany, in which they extol the animal and his qualities, his strength, his size, his cunning; then they praise the skill of the hunter, his prompt eye, his accurate shot. And this song is just murmured, as if they were afraid that if they raised their voices they would attract the curse of the spirit which has just left the animal and is still floating round him."

### How Parchment Came to Be Used.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus, the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called, from the place of its invention, parchment, whence our word parchment is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article, made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the middle ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.

### Proof.

"I'm after the gas bill."  
"Gee! My husband forgot to leave the check—he's just gone."  
"Are you sure he forgot to leave it?"  
"Yes; he told me so just as he went."  
—Cleveland Leader.

### One of Many.

"Then you think you won no permanent place in her heart?"  
"I'm just a notch on her parasol handle; that is all."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## FUN IN THE HOME.

Bring to It Bright Pictures and Pleasant Thoughts and Bar Out Business Worries.

Whatever your lot in life, keep joy with you, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. It is a great healer. Sorrow, worry, jealousy, envy, bad temper, create friction and grind away the delicate human machinery so that the brain loses its cunning.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if the people would make a business of having plenty of fun at home instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

"Now For Rest and Fun." "No Business Troubles Allowed Here." These are good home building mottoes.

When you have had a perplexing day, when things have gone wrong with you and you go home at night exhausted, discouraged, blue, instead of making your home miserable by going over your troubles and trials just bury them. Instead of dragging them home and making yourself and your family unhappy with them and spoiling the whole evening, just lock everything that is disagreeable in your office.

Just resolve that your home shall be a place for bright pictures and pleasant memories, kindly feelings toward everybody and "a corking good time" generally. If you do this you will be surprised to see how your vocation or business wrinkles will be ironed out in the morning and how the crooked things will be straightened.

## THE COTTON GIN.

Whitney Got the Idea From the Work of an Old Negro.

Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, got the germ of his great idea from seeing through the interstices of a hut an old negro work a hand saw among the freshly picked cotton stored within.

The teeth of the saw tore the lint from the seed easily and quickly, and young Whitney (he was barely thirteen at the time) realized at once that a machine working a number of similar saws simultaneously would revolutionize the cotton growing industry.

He said nothing to anybody, but set to work building models and experimenting. His difficulties were enormous, for he not only had to make his own wheels, cogs, etc., but he had also first to forge his own tools and even to manufacture the paint wherewith to color his many plans and drawings.

But he succeeded in the end, and, though the outbreak of war and other hindrances prevented the invention from being actually placed upon the market until many years afterward, the first complete cotton gin ever constructed was built from those very models and plans and with scarcely a single alteration.

### The Springbok.

A peculiarity of that most beautiful of South African antelopes the springbok is that it always leaps over human tracks. It is at once exceedingly shy and marvelously active, and the reason for this strange antic is its intense suspicion of any possible enemies, among whom it has come to recognize man as the most dangerous. It is not only with human tracks that the springbok goes through this performance, for it does the same with the tracks of lions or even when it gets wind of a lion. The leap is exceedingly graceful, and the animal covers from twelve to fifteen feet at each bound. It drops on all four feet at once and immediately rises again, making a clear spring without any run. Its usual gait when not pursued is a light springy trot. The springbok usually travels with its nose to the ground, as if constantly on the lookout for the scent of enemies.

### A Mole's Nest.

Among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. Mr. Lionel E. Adams says that under the "fortress" which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels running out beneath the adjacent field. A curious feature almost invariably found is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never found in his nest, although it may yet be warm from his body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above his run and penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated.

### A Japanese Peculiarity.

"When a Japanese servant is rebuked or scolded," says a traveler, "he must smile like a Cheshire cat. The etiquette in smiles is very misleading at first. I often used to think that 'Taki, my riksha boy,' meant to be impertinent when he insisted on smiling when I was angry at him. But when he told me of the death of his little child with a burst of laughter I knew that this was only one of the curious details of etiquette in this topsy turvy land."

### One Definition.

"Papa," asked a little boy, "what is a legal blank?"  
"A legal blank, Johnny," replied his father, "is a lawyer who never gets a case."  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Flight.

"Would you take \$10,000 to fly from Albany to New York?"  
"Why not? Our cashier took only \$1,000 to fly to Europe."

## ADAM'S PEAK.

A Shrine Visited by Thousands and Sacred to Three Conflicting Religious Sects.

Throughout Asia "holy places" are almost as numerous as leaves on a tree, but in Ceylon is a mountain which enjoys the unique distinction of being a very holy place to the devotees of three absolutely distinct and conflicting religious sects. This is Adam's Peak, or Samanala.

According to the Mohammedan belief, Adam, after the fall, was taken by an angel to the top of Samanala, and a panorama of all the ills that through sin should afflict mankind was spread out before him. His foot left an impression on the solid rock, and his tears formed the lake from which pilgrims still drink. The Buddhists contend that it was not Adam, but Buddha himself that made the footprint in the rock, that being the last spot where he touched the earth before ascending to heaven, while the Brahmans have still another legend. All, however, Brahmans, Mohammedans and Chinese, agree that Samanala is a very holy place, and to perform a pilgrimage to the spot is to the Buddhist what a visit to Mecca is to a Mohammedan. In mixed crowds the worshippers come, each pitying the ignorance of the other, who is so far from the "true way."

It requires no little faith and some imagination to trace in the depression in the rock the likeness of a human footprint. It is 5 1/4 feet long by 2 1/4 feet wide, on the top of a huge boulder. The natives, however, insist that it is the footprint of Adam.—Emmett Campbell Hall in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## MINIATURE GARDENS.

Tiny Lakes, Trees and Houses in Diminutive Japanese Parks.

The Japanese have the art of dwarfing trees to mere shrubs and of cultivating plants in a similar way. The people take great delight in their miniature gardens, which require a special gardener to keep them down to desired limits. A Japanese garden is generally about ten yards square, and in this small space is found a park and demesne, with lake, summer houses, temples, trees, all complete and in keeping with the dimensions available.

One such garden shows a lake four feet long and full of goldfish. On the border stands a pine tree exactly eighteen inches high and fifty years old. Beneath its shade is a temple carved out of one piece of stone the size of a brick. On a lofty crag of some two and a half feet stands a fine maple tree, perfect in form and shape, fifteen years old and twelve inches high.

One household in Japan boasts of a complete garden contained in a shallow two dozen wine case. Everything is complete down to the fish in the lake, a sheet of water only a few inch square, and the footbridges over the water courses. Tea houses there are and numerous trees of various kinds, each about six inches in height. Old as the hills are these diminutive trees, but full of vitality, and yet never growing bigger.—New York Press.

### One Consolation.

During the time he acted as United States consul in Glasgow Bret Harte occasionally indulged in a day's sport with the gun, and it was during one of his shooting excursions that the humorist met with an accident which might have disfigured him for the remainder of his life, his face being badly cut through the recoil of an overloaded gun. Fortunately the doctor's skill prevented him from being permanently marked.

Writing about the occurrence to his friend, T. Edgar Pemberton, who quotes the letter in his "Tribute to Bret Harte," the novelist concludes his letter by telling of an amusing effort which was made to console him on account of the accident.

"When the surgeon was stitching me together," he wrote, "the son of the house, a boy of twelve, came timidly to the door of my room.  
"Tell Mr. Bret Harte it's all right," he said. "He killed the bare."

### Artificial Flowers.

It was in Italy that a demand for artificial flowers first arose. This was due primarily to a caprice of fashion which demanded that during festivals blossoms in and out of their seasons should be worn and also to the fact that their color and freshness were stable. Later on, in the middle ages, the artificial so far superseded the natural that both men and women decked their heads with imitation flowers of cambric, paper, glass and metal.

### Spiteful.

At a local picture show a painter hung a notice under his highly prized landscape, "Do not touch with canes or umbrellas." Some one who was not an admirer of his works added to the notice, "Take an ax!"

### Disagreeable Economy.

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like.

### An Inside Outing.

Wigg—The best outing a man can take is an ocean trip. Waggs—Yes, an outing for the inner man as well.—Philadelphia Record.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.—Campbell.



Before You Purchase Any Other Write

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILL.

Many Sewing Machines are made to sell "word of mouth," but the "New Home" is made

well. Our guarantee never runs out.

We make Sewing Machines to suit all conditions of the trade. The "New Home" stands at the head of all high-grade family sewing machines.

Sold by authorized dealers only.

## HAIR VIM.

Dr. Julia P. H. Coleman's Success. One of the most talented women of the race is Dr. Julia P. H. Coleman, who is the manufacturer of a hair preparation known as Hair Vim. This preparation is in great demand and she is selling it as fast as it is manufactured.

Hair Vim Soap is another selling article. Both the Hair Vim and soap are preparations that Dr. Coleman guarantees. Dr. Coleman is one of the most progressive and accomplished women of the race. She has her place of business at 643 Florida avenue N. W., where she may be seen. Her hair preparations are sold in all first class drug stores.

### Ox Marrow.

We want our readers to patronize us; it helps all around. The Ozonized Ox Marrow Co. advertises in this paper, and when you want a first-class dressing for kinky, harsh and unruly hair, go to your druggist's and get a bottle of Ford's Hair Pomade, 25c or 50c a bottle.

### Cafe on the Boulevard.

Mr. Martin, the proprietor of the Northwest Cafe, is a man who is endeavoring to please the people. If you want to see all Washington, call for a breakfast, lunch, or a dinner at the Northwest Cafe. It is a place where you can carry your wife, daughter, or any member of your family, and receive an up-to-date treatment. Don't fail to drop in at Martin's. Everything in the eating line may be had at this place. Male and female waiters are first-class, and always ready and willing to accommodate you. This is the place for the people.

### River Queen.

Dates are now opened for the season of 1911 for the River Queen. Col. Lewis Jefferson, who has always catered to the wishes of the people, and Mr. Bensinger, who never fails to do what he can to please the citizens, have made extensive improvements to the grounds and places under their supervision where the boat will run this summer. There should be no hesitancy in selecting your dates for the excursion season. Now is the time, and the old saying is, delays are dangerous. Col. Lewis Jefferson is well prepared to meet all demands. He has always given the people of this city first-class accommodation. He enavors to please the people regardless of expense. Every park under the supervision of Col. Jefferson has been improved, which will make the season of 1911 one of pleasure and satisfaction to the patrons of this boat.

Apply at the wharf and make your dates.

### Foster's Dye Works.

If you want first-class work done, go to Foster's, 17th and U Streets, Northwest. Ask for Foster's when you want good work done.

An official statement is given out that the death rate in 1910 in Italy was the lowest since 1862. The death rate in Rome is 13 per 1,000, the lowest rate in Europe.

A huge granite monument in the form of a boulder, erected to the memory of the unidentified soldiers, who died at Valley Forge during the encampment of Gen. Washington's army there during 1777-8, was unveiled by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Miss O'Hagan has left \$10,000 to Negro Catholic schools of Baltimore. Lyman D. Thurston, who was appointed postmaster of Leicester by Abraham Lincoln in 1861, has forwarded his resignation to this city to take effect July 15, after a half century of continuous service.

Women have just gotten the franchise in the Episcopal Churches in Chicago, during the annual convention of the diocese. The constitution and canons of the diocese were amended to give the women members the right to vote on church matters.

Gov. Tener, of Harrisburg, Pa., signed a bill appropriating \$20,000 for a statue of Maj. Gen. George G. Meade, who commanded the Union Army at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa. More than a half million persons in Mississippi and Louisiana are offering prayer for rain. There has been no rain since early in April, and the situation is serious. Everywhere dried and withered fields are to be seen.

### B. Hariston.

B. Hariston, the tailor, 811 9th Street, Northwest, is turning out some of the best clothes to be found in the city. Swell suits from \$12.50 up are being made at this place. You can tell the man that had his clothes dry and fit tell the whole story. It is House and Herrman.

The 134th anniversary of the birth of the Stars and Stripes was observed by the Government departments, patriotic societies and schools throughout the District last Wednesday.



# JAMES F. BUNDY, ATTORNEY.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court. Estate of Charles Blackstone, deceased, No. 18,123.

Application having been made here-in for probate of the last will and testament of said deceased, and for letters testamentary on said estate, by William A. Taylor, it is ordered this 17th day of July, A. D. 1912, that Matilda Blackstone, John Blackstone, Oscar Blackstone and William Blackstone and all others concerned, appear in said Court on Monday, the 21st day of August, A. D. 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why such application should not be granted. Let notice hereof be published in the Washington Law Reporter and The Washington Bee once in each of three successive weeks before the return day herein mentioned—the first publication to be not less than thirty days before said return date.

THOS. H. ANDERSON, Justice.

Attest:

JAMES TANNER, Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.  
JAMES F. BUNDY, Attorney.

## A New Book.

A book on Mind Reading, plain facts, no mysteries. If you would part with its contents for a hundred times its price I will refund your money. Price, 50c, post paid. Also a book called a Prayer to the Devil, on the temperance question. The keenest temperance gun ever fired. Price, 10c. To any colored person answering this ad., both will be sent for 40c. Page A. Cochran, 415 Sixth street northwest.

## Clifford's Promotion.

Mr. W. H. Clifford, who was promoted to \$1,600 in the Auditor's office, was made on the recommendation of Mr. E. A. Gongwer, the Auditor, who believes in recognizing men and rewarding merit irrespective of color. Mr. Gongwer is from Ohio, and The Bee hopes that the day may come when Ohio will reward him by sending him to Congress. He is the Auditor for the War Department and one of the best men in the service.

## Galbraith Church.

Dr. S. L. Corrothers is now serving his tenth year at Galbraith Church and he has a larger following now than he has ever had. There is to be a five thousand dollar rally that will begin in September.

## Drug Store.

In this issue of The Bee will be seen the advertisement of the Astoria drug store, Third and G Streets, Northwest, near the Pension Office. Dr. W. Armstrong is an enterprising man and well educated in pharmacy. His reputation stands unimpaired and you may always rely on him to do justice to his patrons. His prices are reasonable, hence you may have no hesitancy in patronizing him.

## Afue McDowell

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law  
503 D street, Northwest  
Residence 475 N street, Northwest  
Phone, Office M 2874  
Residence N 2546  
practices in all courts

## TYREE'S

Compound Syrup of Hyphosphites  
We claim for this preparation the reliability insured by the use of pure chemicals, skillfully combined.

A valuable remedy in general Debility, and fortifies the system against the rapid waste of Pulmonary and Scrofulous diseases. It is one of the Best Tonics for persons in advanced years.

PRICE 50c.

## TYREE & CO.

15th and H Sts., N. E.  
OPEN ALL NIGHT  
Where you change the cars for Chesapeake Junction.

Houses and Lots For Sale and Official Papers Executed by

## JAMES F. ARMSTRONG, LL. B.,

Notary Public and Manager of the Fairmount Heights Real Estate and Home Saving Association, Fairmount Avenue and Wilson Street, Fairmount Heights.

Office Hours: 6 to 8 a. m., 6 to 9 p. m. All holidays.  
Direction: Take District Line cars for Chesapeake Junction, get off at 61st Street N. E., go north two squares.

## CAMP PLEASANT.

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)  
At Lincoln Heights, D. C.  
Dr. S. L. Corrothers, president of Camp Pleasant, D. C., states that there is to be a new portable house erected for the administration building. The effort of the association is to carry the poor mothers of children out to this camp and give them

## TRIANGLE PRINT

—With increased facilities we are better able to satisfy our customers than ever before.

—We have just received a large assignment of new type.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

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QUICK AND POLITE SERVICE  
401 Q Street, N. W.

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Buffet and Family Liquor Store  
Phone North 2340  
1917 4th Street, N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

## Christian Xander's Santa Rosa Claret

—The California table wine. Bordeaux character \$3 doz, 30c bottle. only at Family Quality House  
909 7th St  
Phone M-74 No Branch Houses

## E. MURRAY

The: Up-to-date: Cafe  
FIRST-CLASS PLACE FOR MEALS

Ice Cream, cut, \$1.20 per gal.  
Plain Ice Cream 90c per gal.  
Public and private receptions served in our large dining room.  
E. Murray 1216 You S., N. W.

## AVERY COLLEGE TRAINING SCHOOL

North Pittsburgh, Pa.

The institution offers young colored women exceptional opportunities to acquire skilled knowledge to become self-supporting in the following gainful occupations: Dressmaking, cutting and drafting, domestic science and an intermediate English course.

The Lincoln Memorial Hospital, in connection with the institution, offers excellent chances to those who may wish to become professional nurses. Uniforms, board, furnished room, laundry and text books are given free, and a small monthly compensation.

The buildings are heated by steam, lighted by its own electric plant, and has a modernly equipped hot-water system extending to all parts of the building. Nine dollars per month covers all expenses in the trades department; in the hospital department there are no charges. Catalogues are now ready. Address all communications to

JOSEPH D. MAHONEY, Box 154,

Secretary and Treasurer, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Under New Management Porters' Exchange

103-5 6th STREET N. W.

NEAR PA. Avenue

REFRESHMENTS OF EVERY VARIETY

Buffet Service

THOMAS REDMON, Proprietor

## At The Old Stand 5th & L Sts., N. W. Purity Ice & Coal co.

J. E. McGAW, General Manager



**LADIES LOOK!**  
Every lady can have a beautiful and luxuriant head of hair if she uses a Magic Drier. After a shampoo or bath the Magic dries the hair, removing the dandruff, and it will straighten the coarsest kind of hair.  
The Magic will not burn or injure the hair, because the comb is never heated. The steel heating bar which heats the hair, is placed, put into the flame of the alcohol or gas heater.  
The Aluminum Comb is easily detached from the heating bar, then, after the hair is heated the comb goes back into place and is held by a term of the handle.  
The Magic Heater is also suitable for curling irons, has a cover and can be carried in a hand bag. Magic Shampoo Drier \$1.00. Magic Alcohol Heater \$0.80. Liberal terms to agents. Write for literature today.

Magic Shampoo Drier Co.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

a free outing. These poor guests will have all that they can eat and all the milk they can drink. The president has sent out over three hundred letters to prominent citizens requesting contributions to this worthy enterprise.

Mr. Wm. Offert, general secretary of the associated charities, is deeply interested in the welfare of the colored citizens.

Dr. Corrothers is of the opinion that Mr. Offert will prove to be one of the most useful officials that has ever been connected with the institution.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, an assistant secretary, is also deeply interested in the welfare of the colored citizens. There are about one hundred prominent and well known colored citizens connected with this association, whose names will appear next week.

Contributions may be sent to Dr. S. L. Corrothers, 447 O Street, Northwest, or to The Washington Bee, which will be duly acknowledged through the columns of this paper.

## Masonic Notes.

To the Nobility of the Mystic Shrine in the various Oases Under the Imperial Council of North and South America:

In view of the fact that the Great International Congress of Knights Templar of the United States of America will hold its bi-annual session in this city in 1912, and as there are so many members of the different Grand and Subordinate Commanderies who will be in attendance at the same, who are members of the Shrine, I think it would be advisable

to bring the Imperial Council to this city in 1912, as their sessions are now held annually on the first Tuesday in September, and the International Congress about the first Thursday in August. The two Grand Bodies could both meet in the same week, and one of the sessions could be held on Tuesday and Wednesday and the other session could be held on Thursday and Friday, thus the representatives could attend both sessions, thereby obviating extra expense and at the same time giving the large number of visitors who would be in attendance the opportunity of viewing the great Capitol and its thousand attractions.

At the regular meeting of Oasis Court No. 2, Daughters of Isis, held on Wednesday, July 5, 1911, the following officers were installed by Noble Boags, Ill. Potentate of Mecca Temple:

Ill. Com., Minnie Lewis; 1st Lieut. Com., Minnie Frazier; 2d Lieut. Com., Agnes J. Smith; Treas., Ella Freeman; Secretary, Mayme L. Stewart; Priestess, Laura Fortune; 1st Cere. D., Sarah J. Lancaster; 2d Cere. D., Mamie Hicks; Inner Spy, Florence Cunningham; Outer Spy, Alberta Lee; Oriental Guide, Lucy Perkins.

The charge was delivered by Past Imperial High Priest and Profit Noble W. H. Severson.

It is an old maxim, "Honor to whom honor is due." I think that honor is due Simon P. Burnett and W. W. Walker for the capturing of the International Congress for the District of Columbia in 1912, and that some recognition should be given.

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